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Early English Text Society.

Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,
The Parliament of Devils,
and other
Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 853.

EDITED BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL
AND EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETIES.

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The Society's Report, January, 1867, with Lists of Texts to be published in future years, etc., etc., can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, W.

Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,

The Parliament of Devils,

and other

Religious Poems.

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P R E F A C E.

AFTER telling Mrs Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late; it *is* a jolly little Manuscript":—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed¹—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c.: these, besides other poems of considerable

¹ Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauzen* and *vnreconcile*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, l. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated¹) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions²; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all: all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good sense

¹ We sadly want some word like this *deducate*, *deducation*, &c., to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

² “Dr Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their ‘successors.’ He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity.” 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, “*In other words*,” I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D. they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.”

and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58-78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D.—from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. ȝeere.
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to plause,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemond¹ A good squyer
 Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe.

¹ For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr Chappell, Mr Way, Mr Morris, Mr Skeat, Mr Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in *Le Venery de Twety*, Cotton MS. *Vesp. B. xii.*, printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. I., pp. 149-154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or *Bemond*, ye shall say, oyes a *Bemond le vaylaunt, que guide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *bemol* (flat, ♯), and *bequarre* (natural, the square b, ♭) of the curious song on learning music in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *bemy* of the Burlesque, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books B is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
þi councel sauereþ not my tast . . .
Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice, to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress :

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;
Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side [= wide]
Passinge all oþere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his *Remaines*, p. 196, calls "*pocketting sleeves*."¹ He says

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,
*Now hath this land little need of broomes
To sweep away the filth out of the streete,
Sen side sleeves of pennilesse gromes
Will it up licke, be it dry or weete.*"

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester[?] on p. 153 of Mr Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his sleeves tied

¹ Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the *slashing* of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsyng of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggynge of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this Mirror poem are complained of by Roberd of Brunne in 1303. *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, l. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopers' denounced, l. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pruyyte,
Wyþ glotonye echone þey be ;
And þyr is moche waste ynne,
And gadryng of ouþer synne.

Doubtless Roberd was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng
To holy cherche men kallyng,
þan may he not hys bedde lete,
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,
And take þe mery mornynge slepe.

Handlyng Synne, p. 135, l. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Judicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II. pp. 7-12), in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, the Metrical Homilies edited by Mr Small (in E. E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

3 St George's Square, N.W.

12th November, 1866.

CORRIGENDA.

P. 27, l. 171. *Lijknes* is no doubt a miswriting of the MS. for *sijknes*, sickness.

P. 61, l. 96. *Put* " after dawe.

P. 119, l. 38. *For dryve. read dryve*, (comma for full stop).

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NOTES.

Pref. p. iv, l. 7. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Jambe de dieu*. Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France teame a cankered, gangrened, or desperately-sore leg. A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wite myself myn owne woo.* Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxv, notes another copy of this, "A Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wylde I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A II fol. 106, v² in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines:

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylls" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyrcheyarde By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes*. Colophon. "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylls. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *The Mirror*. In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man* Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fiskes y^t be moste knowner, by Laurens Andrewe of y^e towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe chausege from ten tyme of a co

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he
[Whyp]inge his toppe with sporte & playe
[Lep]lyng as y. gote right merily.
.... s his care bothe nyght & day
[At .xx. yere he is iocond an]d plesand
.... t pryd

¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man
And syb to the bull of nature stronge
Reuenginge his right where euer he can
with whome it be bothe short & longe

¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys
 Condicyond as a lyon in euery degré
 Which maketh hym often wiȝtouȝt mys
 To lese his wysdom beleue ye me

¶ At fifty yere then can he glose
 Wily as the forein worde and dede
 That euer wyl wyȝne & neuer lose
 & eke of his seruȝse he wyl haue mede

¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende
 But couetysse in him is roeted than
 Euyn as the wolle he doth amendeȝ
 ȝ wroeth the shepe wher euer he can
 At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde
 ȝ gnaweth y^e bone so doth he his hart
 All sportes he casteth to the grownde
 Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart

¶ At fourscore yere withouten sayle
 He is disdayned with man and wyfe
 Syb to the Cat that lyketh her tayle
 Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe

¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .
 Scorned of man and child h[e is]
 From hym is wisdom & st[rength] gone
 Echone wylly his deth in b

¶ At .C. yere dethem commes
 & maketh him as a gose yt i[s] . . .
 So plucke y^e frendes
 But he in erthe is s "

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanile.* A later copy of this Poem, with the burden "This world is but a wannyté" was printed by Mr Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra "In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis."

p. 88. *Erþe vpon erþe.* In Mr Halliwell's *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr Halliwell calls the Porkington one "the most complete copy known to exist." It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr Halliwell also notes, p. 94, "Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches."

p. 137. Note to p. 58. The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to "A Succinct Phylosophical Declaration of the nature of clymaterical yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth" in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FOR THE SOCIETY'S TEXTS.

[Printed on one side only, to allow of each slip being cut off and gummed in the volume to which it refers.]

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN AND CHRIST.

p. 61, l. 95. *Bemond.* Mr W. Aldis Wright has at last explained this word that posed us all:—"In Wood's History and Antiquities of Oxford (ed. Gutch; Oxford, 1792), vol. i. p. 263, there is mention made of the citizens at Oxford being deprived of 'their usual and daily sports in *Beaumont*.' Wood quotes in the same paragraph some lines of Robert of Gloucester (Hearne's ed. p. 540), among which are these:

'The *gates*, tho he was iwend, were alle vp i brozt
Sone, bote Smithe gate, ac that nas undo nouȝt.
The clerke adde ther-thoru muche solas ilore,
To pleye toward *Beumound*, anuid hii were ther-uore.'

From which I gather that '*bemond*' is '*Beumound*' or *Beaumont*, a suburb of Oxford,¹ where I think Henry I. had a palace and whither evidently the citizens and students resorted for amusement.² This seems to me to be confirmed by the contrast between the advice given by 'resoun' and that given by 'lust.' The former says, 'Goo to *oxenford*, or lerne lawe.' The latter, 'be to *bemond* a good squyer!' The making a man a squyer to a place need occasion no difficulty, as a loose Cambridge man might be called 'a devotee of Barnwell.' (3 Nov. 1869. See Mr Wright's longer comment in *Notes and Queries*, 11 Dec. 1869.)

¹ Cp. R. Gloster's '& suththe, thoru Beumond, to hare welle it [the gate] bere,' p. 540.

² *Beaumont* Street is still a street in Oxford, some way out, near the Clarendon Press.

24. HYMNS TO THE VIRGIN.—Page 67, l. 288, for frere read frere.

Page 96, l. 33. Is not the word rather to be read foonned (*n* NOT *u*)? = fonned = fond.—W. W. S.

Page 127, l. 21, for cord read cors; l. 22, for fuly the *MS.* reads July.

Page 132, col. 1. *Defe* is 'feel mistrust for;' see *Defter*, *Defter*, in Cotgrave.—W. W. S.

Page 137, col. 2. *ȝeere*.—To-ȝeere is a compound word, meaning *this year, soon*; see *To-year* in Halliwell: and I think with North Country men it is usual to say—You won't do it *t' year* (the year, this year) = You won't do it *in a hurry*. I'm convinced I've heard this phrase in some peasant's talk.—W. W. S.

Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS
DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. A.D. 1430, page 1.*)

SUrge mea sponsa, swete in siȝt,
And se þi sone þou ȝafe souke so scheene;
þou schalt abide with þi babe so briȝt,
4 And in my glorie be callide a queene.
Thi mammillis, moder, ful weel y meene,
Y had to my meete þat y myȝt not mys;
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder clene,
8 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, clenner þan cristal, to my cage;
Columba mea, y þee calle,
And se þi sone þat in seruage
12 For mannis soule was made a þralle.
In þi palijis so principal
I pleyde priuylie wiþoute mys;
Myn hiȝ cage, moder, haue þou schal;
16 Veni, coronaberis.

Arise, My beloved,
who gavest Me
suck

from thy breasts.

Above all crea-
tures thou shalt
be crowned.

Come, My dove,
and see thy son
who was made a
slave for man.

Thou shalt have
His high place,
and be crowned.

Daughter of Sion,
spotless flower,

thou shalt sit
crowned by Me,

[Page 2.]
and all My saints
shall honour thee.

20 **F**or macula, moder, was neuere in þee ;
Filia syon, þou art þe flour ;
Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,
And bere a crowne with me in tour,
¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,
þat blessid bodi þat bare me in bowur,
24 Veni, coronaberis.

Princess of
Paradise, Mother
fair,

the well of mercy
in thee shall bring
thy blessed body
to blis.
Come and be
crowned.

28 **T**ota pulera þou art to my plesyng,
My moder, princes of paradijs,
Of þee a watir ful well gan sprynge
þat schal aȝen alle my riȝtis rise ;
¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis ;
And my seintis schulen do þee seruice,
32 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My chosen
one, Maiden
Queen,

dwell here with
Me in blis,

and be crowned.

[Page 3.]
Sweet Mother,
remember the
dew that dropped
from our lips
when we kissed.

36 **V**eni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,
Holi moder & maiden queene,
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiȝ,
þi sone and eek þi childe.
¶ Here, moder, wip me to dwelle,
With þi swete babe þat sittiȝ in blis,
þere in ioie & blis þat schal neuere mys,
40 Veni, coronaberis.

Come and be
crowned.

44 **V**eni, electa mea, my moder swete,
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,
With briȝt braunchis as blomes on hille.
¶ Fanus distillans it wente with wille,
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,
þerfore, moder, now ful stille,
48 Veni, coronaberis.

Veni de libano, þou loueli in launche,
 þat lappid me loueli with liking song,
 þou schalt abide with a blessid braunche,
 52 þat so semeli of þi bodi spong.
TEgo, flos campi, þi flour, was soldē,
 þat on calueri to þee cried y-wys :
 Moder, þou woost þis is as y wolde ;
 56 Veni, coronaberis.

Come from
 Lebanon, thou
 who sangst Me to
 sleep,

Me who on
 Calvary cried to
 thee.

Pulcra vt luna, þou berist þe lamme,
 As þe sunne þat schineþ clere,
 Veni in ortum meum, þou deintiest damme,
 60 To smelle my spicis¹ þat here ben in fere.
 My palijs is piȝt for þi pleasure,
 Ful of briȝt braunchis & blosmes of blis ;
 Come now, moder, to þi derling dere !
 64 Veni, coronaberis.

Lovely as moon-
 light,

come thou to Me.

[Page 4.]
 My palace is dight
 with blossoms of
 blis.
 Come, Mother,
 come and be
 crowned.

Quid est ista so vertuose
 þat is euere lastyng for hir mekenes ?
 Aurora consurgens graciose,
 68 So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,
Tþis is þe colour of kinde clennes,
 Regina celi þat neuere dide mys ;
 þus endip þe song of greet sweetnes,
 72 Veni, coronaberis.

Who is she that
 shall endure for
 ever for her
 meekness ?

The Queen of
 Heaven, who
 never sinned.
 Come thou then,
 and be crowned !

[*Quia Amore Langueo*, or “In a tabernacle of a tour,” and its continuation “In a valey of þis restles mynde,” printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 143-150, follow here. Then “Ihesu, þi swetnes,” p. 8, and “Ihesus þat spong, p. 12, of this volume.]

¹ Compare “Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.” *Solomon’s Song*, ch. iv. 16. “My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.” vi. 2.

Hail, Blessed Mary!

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 24.*]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary,
Mother of

the Son of God !
Maiden, never
defouled,

fairest flower of
the field.

Hail, comely
Queen,

healer of all pain.

[Page 25.]
Hail, mother of
Christ,

the king of Angels.

Hail, fairest of all,
who bred our
bliss, on whom all
women in child-
bed call.

All fiends dread
thee, who feddest
thy Son with
maiden milk,
Thou flower of
virgins.

Heil be þou, marie, þe modir of crist,
Heil þe blessidist þat euere bare child !
Heil þat conceyuedist al wiþ list

4 þe sone of god boþe meeke & mylde !
¶ Heil maide sweete þat neuere was filid !
Heil welle and witt of al wijsdome !
Heil þou flour ! heil fairest in feeld !

8 **Aue regina celorum !**

Heil comeli queene, coumfort of care !
Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt !
Heil þe saluour of al sore !

12 Heil þe launpe of lemys liȝt !
¶ Heil þou blessid beerde in whom [crist] was piȝt !
Heil ioie of man bothe al and sum !
Heil pinacle in heuene an hiȝt,

16 **Mater regis angelorum !**

Heil crowned queene, fairest of alle !
Heil þat alle oure blis in bradde !
Heil þat alle wommen on doon calle

20 in temyngre whanne þei ben hard bistadde !
¶ Heil þou þat alle feendis dredde,
And schulen do til þe day of doome !
With maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,
24 **O maria, flos virginum.**

Heil fairest þat euere god foond,
Whiche chees þee to his owne bōur !
Heil þe lanterne þat is ay liȝthond !

Hail, choice of
God,

28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore.

whom rich and
poor adore.

¶ Heil spice swettist of sauour !
Heil þat al oure ioye of come !
Heil of alle wommen fruyt & flour !

Hail, fruit and
flower of
womankind.
[1. *P. velud* ; 2. *u.*
and *d* rubbed]

32 **Velud' rosa vel lilium.**

Heil be þou goodli ground of grace !
Heil blessid sterre upon þe see !
Heil of coumfortis in euery caas !

Hail, Star upon
the sea,

36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest of charitee !
Heil welle of witt and of merci !
Heil þat bare ihesu, goddis sone !
Heil tabernacle of þe trynyte !

chiefest in
charity,

40 **Funde preces ad filium.**

tabernacle of the
Trinity.

Heil be þou virgyne of virgins !
Heil blessid modir ! heil blessid may !
Heil norische of sweete ihesus !

Hail, blessed
maiden,

44 Heil cheefest of chastite, forsoþe to say !

In our last day
bring us to thy
realm.

¶ Lady, kepe vs so in oure last day
þat we may come to þi kingdom !
For me & alle cristen þou pray,

48 **Pro salute fidelium. Amen.**

Pray for all faith-
ful souls !

Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., fol. 26. Partly written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary,
Queen and Star of
Heaven ! help me
and hear my
prayer.

[1 Page 27.]

Heil be þou marie, cristis moder dare,
þat art queene of heuen, fair and sweete of chere,
þat art sterre of heuen schinyng briȝt & clere !

4 Help me, lady ȝful of myȝt, & heere my praire

Aue maria.

To thee I make
my moan : let
me not die in
any of the Seven
Sins,

Heil blessid marie, mylde queene of heuen !
Blessid be þi name, ful good it is to nempne :
8 To þee, lady, y make my moone ; I prarie þee
 heere my steuen,
And let me neuere die in noon of þe synnis
 seuene.

Aue maria.

Hail, Mary, flower
of all !

To thee I pray !

be by me when I
die,

and save me from
Satan's bonds.

Grant me my
prayer,

Heil be þou marie þat art flour of alle,
12 As roose in eerbir so reed !
To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,
 To þee y make my beed ;
þou be in stide & in stalle
16 Whanne y schal drawe to deed,
And let me neuere falle
 in boondis of þe queed !

Aue maria.

20 **H**eil be þou, marie, þat hiȝ sittist in troone !
Y biseche þee, swete lady, graunte me my
boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to ameende soone, amend my life,
 And bring me to þat blis þat neuere schal be and bring me to
 doone. everlasting bliss.

24

Aue maria.

Heil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende !
 Meeknes & honeste, with abstynence, me sende,
 With chastite & charite into my lyues eende,
 28 And þat þoruȝ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen
 blis weende !

Send me meek-
 ness and charity,
 that I may go to
 heaven.

Aue maria.

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castre*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

Poems to Christ.

The Sweetness of Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 14.*]

Jesus, beside Thy
sweetness all

earthly love is
bitter.

Teach me

firmly to set my
heart on Thee.

No earthly love
delights like
Thine,

the King of
Love.

I would my heart
were wholly
Thine.

[Page 15.]
If Nature bids me
love my kin, I
should love Thee
first, who didst
put Thy likeness
in my soul.

Ihesu, þi swetnes, who-so myȝte it se,
And þerof haue a cleere knowynge,
Al erþeli loue bittir schulde be
4 Saue þin a-loone without leesinge.
I prai þee, lord, þat loue leere me,
Aftir þi loue to haue longyng,
And sadli to sette myn herte on þee,
8 In þi loue to haue most liking.

So likinge loue in erþe noon is ;
In soule who-so coude him soþeli se,
Him to loue were mykil blis,
12 For king of loue callid is he.
¶ With true loue, y wolde þis,
So faste to him bounde be,
þat myne herte were holli his
16 So þat no þing likid me but he.

If y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,
þan me þenkiþ in my þouȝte
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne
20 At him þat haþ me maade of nouȝt.
¶ His lijknes he sette my soule with-inne,
And al þis world for me haþ wrouȝt,
As fadir he fondid my loue to wynne,
24 For to heuene he haþ me brouȝt.

As moder of him, y make now mynde,
þat bifore my birþe to me toke hede,
And siþen with baptym waischiþ þat kynde
28 þat foulide was þoruȝ adams dede.
¶ With noble mete he norischiþ oure kynde,
For with his fleisch he dooþ us fede,
A bettere fode may no man fynde,
32 To lastynge lijf it wole us lede.

Before my birth
He cared for me,

and now feeds
our race with His
blood.

Oure broþer & sustir he is bi skile,
For he so seide, & lerid us þat lore
þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille
36 Briþeren & sustren to him pei wore.
¶ Mi kinde also he toook þer-tille,
Ful truli truste y him þerfore
þat he wole neuere lete me spille,
40 But wiþ his mercy salue my sore.

He is the brother
and sister of

those who do His
Father's will.

[Page 16.]

He took my
nature, and so I
trust Him.

The loue of him passiþ, certis,
Al erpeli loue þat may ben here ;
God & man, my spouse he is,
44 Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.
¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,
He is lord of greet powere,
Callid he is þe kyng of blis,
48 His loue me longiþ for to leere.

His love passes
all earthly love,
and He is my
spouse.

His name is King
of Bliss.

Aftir his loue me þenkiþ long
For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte ;
Whazne y was wente fro him with wrong,
52 From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.
¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge,
And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,
Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge,
56 Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte.

He bought my
love full dear,

took my wretched
nature, and

brought me to
bliss.

[Page 17.]
Love for me
brought Him to
earth,
and for that He
pledged His life,

and shed His
precious blood.

His sides were
bloody, His heart
pierced with a
spear.

He gave His life
for my guilt.

My heart should
break with pity,

for I was cause
of all His woe.

[Page 18.]
For me He
suffered death,

and rose again,

and went to
heaven.

He protects me
from my foes,

the friend that
never fails, and
asks only my love
again.

Whanne y was þral, to make me fre,
Mi loue fro heuene to erþe him ledde,
My loue aloone haue wolde he,
60 For þerfore he leide his lijf to wedde.
¶ Wiþ my foo he fauȝte for me,
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,
His preciouſe blood ful greet plente
64 Ful piteouſi for me was schedde.

Hise sidis bloo and blodi were
þat sumtyme were ful briȝt of blee ;
His herte was persid wiþ a spere,
68 Hise ruli woundis were ruþe to se.
¶ Mi raunsum forsoþe he paied þere,
And ȝaf his lijf for gilt of me,
His deeþ schulde be to me ful dere,
72 And perse myn herte for pure pitee.

For pitee myn herte schulde breke on two,
To his kyndenes if y took hede ;
Encheson y was of al his woo,
76 He suffride ful harde for my mis-dede.
¶ To lastyng lijf þat y schulde go,
He suffride deeþ in his manhede ;
And whanne his wille was to lyue also,
80 Aȝen he roos þoruȝ his godhede.

To heuen he wente with myche blis
Whazne he ouercome his bataile,
His baner ful brode displaied is
84 Whazne so my fo wole me assaile.
¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben his,
He is þat freend þat neuere wole faile ;
No þing desirȝ he þat is,
88 But true loue aȝen for his trauaile.

Thus wolde my spouse for me fist,
And for me was woundid sore,
For my loue his deep was di,t;

For me He was
wounded sore,
and died.

92 What loue myȝte he kijȝe more ?

¶ To ȝelde his loue haue y no myȝte
But loue him hertili perfore,

And worche weel with werkis riȝt

96 þat he hap lerid me with loueli lore.

I cannot repay
His love, but

only obey His
commands.

Wip loueli lore his werkis to fille,
Weel cuȝte y, wrecche, if y were kynde,
Nyȝt & day to worche his wille,

100 And euere haue þat lord in mynde.

¶ But goostli foos greuen me ille,
And my freil fleisch makiȝ me blinde ;
perfore his mercy y tcke me tillie,

104 For betere bote can y noon fynde.

[Page 19.]

I must alway
work His will;

but my foes and
flesh blind me.

I fly to His mercy,

Betere bote is noon to me
þan to his mercy truli me take
þat with his fleisch hap made me free,

108 And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.

which is my best
remedy.

¶ I pracie þat lord for his pitee
þat he for synne me not forsake,
But ȝeue me grace fro synne to flee,

112 And him to loue let me neuere slake.

O Lord, forsake
me not, but give
me grace to love
Thee.

Ihesu, for þe swetnes þat in þee is,
Haue mynde of me whan y hens wende,
With stidfast trufe my wittis þou wis,

116 And, lord, þou scheelde me from þe feende !

For Thy
sweetness

¶ For þi mercy forȝeue me my mys,
þat wickid werk my soule neuere schende,
And lede me, lord, in-to þi blis,

120 With þee to wone withoute eende. AMEN.

keep me from the
evil one !

[Page 20.]
For Thy mercy
lead me into bliss,
ever to dwell
with Thee !

Be my Coumfort, Crist Ihesus !

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1400 A.D., page 20.*]

Jesu,

savour sweet to
man's soul,

thou Virgin's
son !

Son, and Mother,
comfort me !

Jesu,

to save man's
soul
thou wert poorly
clad, put in a
cradle,

[Page 21.]

born in
Bethlehem.

By Thy kiss to
Thy mother,

comfort me !

Jesu, who wast
fair when young,

Ihesus þat sprong of iesse roote,
As us haþ prechid þi prophete,
Flour and fruyt boþe softe and sote,
4 To mannis soule of sauour sweete ;
Ihesu ! þou brouȝtist man to boote
Whanne gabriel gan marie greete,
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,
8 In hir þou siȝ a semeli sete :
¶ A mayden was þi modir meete,
Of whom þou took fleisch for us ;
As ȝe may boþe my balis beete,
12 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, þou art wijsdom of witt
Of þi fadir ful of myȝt !
Mannys soule, to saue it,
16 In poore aparaille þou were piȝt.
¶ Ihesu ! þou were in cradil knyt,
In wede wrappid boþe day & nyȝt,
In bethleem born, as þe gospel wridd,
20 With auangelis song and heuene liȝt.
Barn y-born of a beerde briȝt,
Ful curteis was þi comeli cus ;
þoruȝ uertu of þat sweete siȝte,
24 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, þat were of ȝeiris ȝong,
Fair and fresch of bide and hue,

Whanne þou were in þraldom þrong,
when Thou wert
on the Cross,

28 And turmentid with many a ewe,
turned'st blue,

¶ Whanne blood and watir were out wrong,
and like a clod of
For beetinge was þi bodi blewe ;
clay wast cast in
As a clot of clay þou were for-clonge,
grave.

32 So deed in þrouȝ þanne men þee þrewe.
But quickly Thou
arose.

¶ But grace of þi graue grew ;
Then comfort me.

þou roos up quik coumfort to us.
For hir loue þat þis councel knewe,

36 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, sooffast god and man,
Jesus, God and
Two kindis knyt in oon persone,
man,

þe wondir werk þat þou bigan
soon Thou rose
40 þou hast fulfillid in fleisch & bone.
from the dead to

¶ Out of þis world wiȝtli þou wan,
Thy Father's
Liftynge up þi silf a-loone ;
throne.

For myȝtli þou roos, & ran
Man shall mourn
44 Streitȝ vnto þi fadir in trone.
no more,

¶ Now dare man make no more moone ;
so comfort me.

For man it is þou wrouȝte þus,
And god wiȝ man is maade at oone,
58 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

¶ Ihesu crist, holi and hende,
Jesu, Thou
þat beerde was blessid þat bare þee,
sentest for Thy
Aftir hir whanne þou gan sende,
Mother to heaven,
52 In heuene blis wiȝ þee to bee.
and set her higher

¶ Out of þis worlde whanne sche wende,
than the angels
Boȝe bodi & soule were sett in see
on a throne.

Hizer þan ony of aungelis kinde,
56 In troone a-fore þe trynyte.

¶ þere may þe sone his modir se
[Page 23.]
In heuene an hiȝ to helpen us ;
Peerless Princess,
þou peerless princes, prae for me !
pray for me !
60 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.
and, Jesus,
comfort me !

Jesus,

rule me,

be my food in
body and soul,stay my sorrow,
and comfort me.Prince of Peace,
I pray Theehelp me in all my
fear,

[Page 24.]

let me please Thee
in word and deed,and die well at
my day.Be my comfort,
Christ !

Ihesu, my souereyne sauour,

Almyȝti god, þere ben no moo :

Crist, þou be my gouernour,

64 Bi feiþ lete me not fallen fro.

¶ Ihesu, my ioye and my socoure !

In my body and soule also,

God, þou be my strengist fode,

68 And wisse þou me whan me is wo.

¶ Lord, þou makist freend of foo,

Lete me not lyue in langour þus,

But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'

72 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Ihesu, to þee y crie and greede ;

Prince of pees, to þee y praye ;

þou woldist bleede for mannis nede,

76 And suffre manye a feerful fray.

¶ þou me fede in al my drede

Wiþ pacience now and ay

Mi lijf to lede in word & dede

80 As is moost plesaunt to bi pay,

¶ And to deie weel whanne it is my day.

Ihesu, þat deied on tree for us,

Lete me not be þe feendis pray,

84 But be my coumfort, crist ihesus ! AMEN.

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed
on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

Richard de Castre's Prayer to Jesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 28, written without breaks.*]

Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.

I Hesu, lord, þat madist me,

And wiþ þi blessid blood hast bouȝt,

Forzeue þat y haue greued þee

4 With worde, with wil, And eek with þouȝt.

Jesus,

forgive what I
have grieved
Thee.

¶ Ihesu, in whom in al my trust,

þat deid upon þe roode tree,

Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust,

8 And from al wordli vanyte !

Withdraw my
heart from fleshly
lust.

¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte

On feet & on pin hondis two,

Make me meeke & low of herte,

12 And þee to loue as y schulde do !

Make me meek
and lowly of
heart.

¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde

þat wente to þin herte roote,

For synne þat haþ myn herte bounde,

16 þi blessid bloode mote be my bote.

Thy blood must
heal my guilt.

¶ And ihesu crist, to þee y calle

þat art god ful of myȝt ;

Kepe me cleene, þat y ne falle

20 In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyȝt.

Keep me pure
from mortal sin.

Let me never
displease Thee.

Grant that I and
all to whom I am
bound may die
well.

[Page 29.]

Speed my prayers
that I may not be
condemned.

Keep Thy reveng-
ing hand from
those who anger
Thee.

Comfort all who
are full of care.

Amend all who
have grieved Thee.

Stop these wars,
and send us peace.

¶ Ihesu, graunte me myne askinge,
Perfite pacience in my diseese,
And neuere mote y do þat þing
24 þat schulde þee in ony wise dispiese.

¶ Ihesu þat art oure heuenli king,
Sooþefast god, & man also,
þeue me grace of good eendinge,
28 And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

¶ Ihesu, for þe deedly teeris
þat þou scheiddist for my gilt,
Here & spedie my praiers,
32 And spare me þat y be not spilt.

¶ Ihesu, for them y þe biseche
þat wraþþen þee in ony wise,
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,
36 And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

¶ Ihesu, moost coumfort for to se
Of þi seintis euerychoone,
Coumfort hem þat careful been,
40 And helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

¶ Ihesu, keepe hem þat been goode,
And ameende hem þat han greued þee,
And sende hem fruytis of erþeli fode
44 As ech man nedip in his degree.

¶ Ihesu, þat art with-outen lees
Almyȝti god in trynyte,
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees
48 Wiþ lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon.
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

52 Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,
And rule hem riȝtli with oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks
and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for ¹ þi blessidful blood,
Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis
For ² whom y haue had ony good,
56 And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[¹ Page 30.]
and bring to bliss
all who have done
me good. Amen.
[² ? for Fro]

[“Who-so wilneþ,” printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*,
&c., follows here, on p. 30 of the MS.]

Do Merci before thi Jugement.

[*Lambeth MS. 583, ab. 1430 A.D., page 54, written without breaks.*]

Our Creator is
the maker of all,

to whom we
lament
how frail we are.

God, be merciful
before thy
judgment.

Damn not Thine
own work to
please the Devil;

banish us not
from thy sight.

There is no creature¹ but oon,

 Maker of euery creature,

 God a-loone, & euer more oon,

4 And þre in oon alway to endure.

¶ To þat lord we make oure moone

 To whom al coumfort is, & cure,

 To þinke how freel we ben echoon.

8 In þis world is hard auenture :

¶ Who-so þerof is moost ensure,

 Sunnest schal he be schamed and schent.

 Or þou þe world with fier pure,

12 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

Lord, do mercy or þat þou deeme,

 Lest þou dampne þat þou hast wrouȝt :

 What ioie were it a feend to qweme,

16 To ȝeue him þat þou hast dere bouȝt.

¶ Out of þi siȝt if þou us fleme,

 We ben dampned riȝt as nouȝt ;

þi passioun make us briȝt & schene

20 In wil, in worde, in dede & þouȝt !

¹ A later hand has written *our* over the *we* of 'creature,' and dotted the *we* out.

¶ For whi, synne haþ us þoruȝ souȝt ;
 þer-forameende þou oure entent
 To þe doom or we bee brouȝt !
 24 Do mercy bifore þi iugement.

Amend our
 purposes before
 Thy Judgment.

We axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,
 For þou art lord of ech degré ;
 Of erþe þou madist oure bigynnynge,
 28 And aftir with spirit enspirid us free.
 ¶ Wiþ trees and gras þou ȝaf us growinge,
 Wiþ beestis, feelinge liȝt haue we,
 And with aungils we haue vndirstondinge,
 32 And þerbi we schulden know þee.
 þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,
 But we ben fals & negligent :
 For we may not hide us from þin iȝe,
 36 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]
 We ask Thy
 mercy.
 Thou madest us
 of earth, and
 breathedst spirit
 in us,
 giving us sentient
 life with beasts,
 and knowledge
 with angels.

We are false, but
 cannot hide from
 Thee.
 Have Mercy on
 us !

þou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue ; Thou baddest us
 It dooþ us coumfort on þee to calle,
 þou hast ordeined man to saue,
 40 For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.
 ¶ þi herte blood for us þou ȝaue,
 þou madist us free where we were þralle :
 Lete neuere þe feend oure soulis craue
 44 þat waischen was in þin holi welle !
 ¶ Oure fleisch is freil, it makiþ us falle,
 Wiþ grace ¹ we risen & schulen repente ;
 And in hope of þee we schal :
 48 Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou gavest
 Thine heart's
 blood for us :

[1 Page 56.]
 our flesh is frail :
 give us Grace
 and Hope ; and

have Mercy on
 us.

We axe mercy bi riȝtwisnes,
 For þi biheest is al oure riȝt,
 And of þi greet kindenes
 52 þou hast mercy to us biiȝt.

We rely on Thy
 promise of

Mercy to us.
 We can do
 nothing

of ourselves.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil fight with
us.
Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

We have corrupt-
ed our nature
with sin;

we are untrue.

Remember not
our trespass;
[Page 57.]

we cannot escape
Thee.

Have mercy on
us.

Lord, we commit
our life to Thee;

keep us night and
day.
Jesus, drive

the devil from us
when we die;
let him not seize
our souls.

Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

God, mingle
Mercy with
Justice,

¶ We ne be but erþe watirlees,
þat to springe vertu haþ no myȝt ;
þis worldis likerose bittirnes

56 Bireueþ us discrecioun & oure siȝt.
¶ þe feend, þe fleisch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fiȝt ;
þus be we taken in turment ;
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be diȝt,

60 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

¶ W iþ synne we han defoulid oure kinde,
And kinde may we not eschewe ;
To wrappe þee, god, we ben vnkinde ;
þou kindeli king, we ben vntrewe !

¶ Aȝens þis can no clerk skile fynde ;
Graciouse god, upon us rewe ;
Take not oure trespass in to mynde,
But in þi doom lete merci sue !

68 ¶ For þouȝ we wolden from þee remewe,
In ech place þou art present ;
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe ;
Do merci bifore þi iuggement.

¶ Lord ! oure soule, oure spirit, oure liȝf,
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake ;
Out of temptacioun and strijf,
76 Lord, kepe us wheþer we slepe or wake.

¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis fyue,
And for þi modir sake,
þe feend away from us þou dryue

80 Whanne deep with us maistrie schal make,

¶ And suffre him not oure soule away to take
For whiche on roode þou were torrent ;

84 Aȝens þi doom we tremble & quake ;
Do merci tofore þi iugement !

¶ God, þou deeme us riȝtwijslisli,
Medele þou merci with execusioun,

For we han forfeitid wrongfulli ;
 88 Take hede to oure contricoun !
 ¶ We zeelde us synful & sory
 By ¹Knowliche & confessioun ;
 þi passiou & þi mercy
 92 We take to oure entensioun.
 ¶ Bileue is oure saluacioun,
 With keping of þi comaundement.
 God, putte þin holi passiou
 96 Bitwixe us & þi iugement ! Amen.

take heed to our
 contrition.

We are sinful and
 sorry.
 [1 Page 58.]

We plead Thy
 sufferings :

put them between
 us and Thy
 Judgment.

[“As y gan wandre,” printed below, follows here.]

The Love of Jesus.

(Pages 90-102, written without breaks.)

Love in Christ is
everlasting life;

it turns work into
rest.

Love is like a fire;

it cleanses us of
sin.

The help of Love
reaches to heaven.

[Page 91.]

It couples God to
man.

Loue is lijf þat lastiþ ay
þere it is in crist made fest,
Whanne wele ne wo it slake may,
4 as writen han men wisest.

¶ þe nyȝt it turneþ in-to day,
Traueile it turneþ in to rest :
If þou wolt do as y þee say,
8 þou schalt þanne be with þe best.

¶ Loue is a þouȝt with gret desijr,
And also of a fair loouyng ;
Loue y likne in-to a fier

12 þat slakeen may for no þing.

¶ Loue clensiþ us of oure synne,
loue oure blis schal bringe,
Loue þe kingis herte may wynne,
16 loue of ioie euere may synge.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,
For into heuene it ran ;
Me þenkiþ in herte þat it is sliȝe,
20 þat makiþ þe peple boþe pale & wan.

¶ þe beed of blis it goiþ ful nyȝ,—
I telle ȝou it as y can,—

þerof us þenkiþ þe wey to drie,
24 For euere loue coupliþ god to man.

¶ Loue is hetter þan þe cole

To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,

þe flawme of loue, who myȝte it þole,

28 If it were euermore lijke :

¶ Loue us helip, & makiþ in qwart,

And liftiþ us up in-to heuene-riche,

And loue rauischip crist in-to oure herte,

32 I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.

Love is hotter
than coal;

it cheers us, and
lifts us to heaven.

¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue

Whanne þou schalt hens fare ;

Al þi þouȝt to him þouȝt zeue

36 þat may þee kepe from care ;

¶ Loke þouȝt in herte fro him not twynne

þouȝt þouȝt wandre euery where,

So þouȝt may weelde him with-inne,

40 And loue him hertili euermore.

Learn to Love

God, and put not
thine heart from
Him.

Ihesu, þat me loue hast lende,

In-to þi loue þouȝt me bringe,

Take to þee al myn entente

44 þat þouȝt be to me myn ȝerninge,

¶ And þat synne from me awei were went,

And loue come myn owne couceitynge,

þat my soule hadde herd & hent

48 þe songe of þi sweete louyng.

[Page 92.]
Jesu! bring me
to Thy Love

that sin may leave
me,

and my soul may
hear the song of
Thy loving.

¶ þi loue is to us euerelastyng

Fro þat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,

þerinne make we euere brennyng,

52 þat no þing may it uerrili keele.

¶ Mi þouȝt, take it into þin hand,

And stable þouȝt it ilke a dele,

þat y be no þing hildande

56 To loue uerrili þe worldis wele.

Thy Love lasts
ever.

Take my desire to
Thee

that I may not
love the world.

If I love any earthly thing,

[Page 93.]
at my death it will be poison

in hell.

Earthly joy,

now fresh and green, soon fades.

Such is the world;

toil and trouble.

If you leave evil,

and give yourself to Christ,

He will bring you to bliss.

[¹ Page 94.]
Love is trusty and true,

never changing.

He who finds it

need not care.

¶ If y loue ony erþeli þing
þat paieþ to my wille,
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,
60 Whanne it may come me tylle
¶ I may drede at my departyng
þat it wole be attir & ille,
For alle my welþis 'ben wepinge
64 whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

¶ þe ioie þat men heere seen
Is ful likinge vnto þe iȝee ;
þat now is fair, freische, and grene,
68 And anoon aftir is welkid awey :
¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,
And wole be vnto domysday,
Ful greet trauile, & myche tene ;
72 To flee þat is ful hard in fay.

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouȝt,
And hate þe filthe of synne,
And ȝeue to him þat þee dere bouȝt,
76 þat he weelde þee with-inne,
¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souȝt,
And þerof he wolde not mynne ;
þus schalt þou to blis be brouȝt,
80 And wonye heuene wiþ-ynne.

¶ For-ȝope þe kinde of loue is þis,—
þere it is trusty and trewe,—
To stoonde euere in stabilnes,
84 And chaunge neuere for no newe.
¶ þat wiȝt þat loue may finde,
Or euere in herte it knewe,
Fro care it turneþ þat kinde :
88 Such a mirþe fyndiþ to fewe.

¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede ;
 Crist is trewe loue, as y þe telle ;
 Wiþ aungilis take þou þi stide ;
 92 þat ioie loke þou not felle.

¶ In erþe hate¹ þou no maner qweed,
 But loke þat þi loue may dwelle,
 For loue is more strenger þan deed,
 96 Loue is more harder þan helle.

¶ Loue is liȝt, & a birþun fyne ;
 Loue gladiþ boþe ȝonge and oolde ;
 Loue is wiþout ony pyne,
 100 As louers han me toolde.

¶ Loue is goostli deli²ciouse as wijn
 þat makiþ men boþe big & bolde ;
 To þat loue y schal me so faste tyne,
 104 þat y in herte it euermore holde.

¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing
 þat heere in erþe men may han ;
 Loue is goddis owne derlinge ;
 108 Loue byndiþ boþe blood & baan.

¶ In loue, þerfore, be oure likinge ;
 I knowe no betere won ;
 For me oonli, & my louynge,
 112 Loue makiþ boþe but oon.

¶ But al fleischli loue schal fare
 As dooþ þe flouris of may,
 And schal be lastande na mare
 116 But as it were an hour of a day ;

¶ And sorewen aftir þat ful sare
 Hir lust, her pride, & al her play,
 Whanne þei aren cast in care,
 120 In-to pyne þat lastiþ ay.

Christ is true
 Love.

[1 ? love]

Let thy Love be
 His.
 It is stronger than
 death and hell.

Love gladdens
 young and old.

[2 Page 95.]
 It is delicious as
 wine.

Hold fast to it.

Love is

God's own
 darling.

Let our delight be
 in it.

Fleshly love is
 like May flowers,

lasting only an
 hour.

And after comes
 sore sorrow

in hell.

[Page 96.]
When men rise
again,

If they have sin-
ned here,

they shall lie in
hell.

Rich men shall
rue their sin in
hell.

But Love, and
then you'll sing
to Christ.

Jesu, Son of God !

Send Love into
my heart !

[! Page 97.]

Be my Love !

Jesu, maiden's
Son !

Pierce my soul
with thy spear.

Make my heart
light in Thy
sweetness.

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,

124 And awnswere for her mys dede.

¶ If þei be seen þan in synne,
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-inne,

128 And derkenes haue to mede.

¶ Riche men her hondis schal wrynghe,
And her wickid werkes abie

In flawmes of fier bitterli brennynghe,

132 Wip care and sorewe schamefastli.

¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge
To þi lord crist in melodie :

þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing ;

136 In loue lyue we & die.

Ihesu ! god-is sone þou art,
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,

Sende vertili loue in-to myn herte

140 Oonly ¹ to coueite þee !

¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,
Mi loue þat þou may be ;

Take myn herte in-to þi ward,

144 And sette þou me in stabilte !

¶ Ihesu ! þou, þe maidens sone,
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,

þirle my soule with þi spere anoon,

148 þat myche loue in men hast vrouȝt.

¶ Me longiȝ þou lede me into þi siȝt,
And fastne þere in þee my þouȝt ;

In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,

152 þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

¶ Ihesu, my god & my loueli king ! Jesu, my God !
 Forsake þou not my desijr ;
 Mi þouȝt make to be meeinge ; make me meek ;

156 I hate boþe pride & ire.
 ¶ þi wil is al my desiryng ; kindle within me
 Of loue kyndele þou þe fier,
 þat y with þi sweete louyng
 160 Wiþ aungils take myn hire.

¶ Wounde þou myn herte wiþ-inne,
 And weelde me at þi wille ; Wield me at Thy
 Of blis þat neuere schal blynde,
 164 þou fastne me þat y not spille.

¶ þat y þi loue may wynne,
 Of grace my þouȝt þou fille,
 And make me cleene of synne
 168 þat y may come þee till.

¶ Ihesu ! putte in-to myn herte
 þe memorie of þi pyne ! Jesu, remind me
 In lijknes, and eek in qwarte,
 172 þi loue be euere myne ! of Thy sufferings,

Mi ioie is al of þee ;
 My soule, take it as þine ;
 Mi loue euere waxinge be,
 176 So þat y neuere dwynne.

¶ My loue is euere in siȝinge My Love sighs
 While y dwelle in þis way ;
 Mi loue is in þee longynge,
 180 þat bindiþ me niȝt & day and longs
 ¶ Tille y come vnto my king,
 þere y wone with him may,
 And se his fair schynynge
 184 In lijf þat lastiþ ay. till I come to my
 King
 in Life that lasteth
 aye.

Christ has sent
me His Love.

All woe has left
me.

I sit and sing.

[¹ Page 99.]

Jesu, my joy,

bring me to Thy
dwelling.

Jesus was hung
on the Cross,

scourged,

and crowned with
thorns.

White was His
breast,
[See *Political
R. and L. Poems*,
p. 214.]
wan his face,

down his blood
did glide,

¶ Longinge is in me so lent
For loue, þat y ne can lete ;
His loue he haþ me now sent
188 þat euery bale may bete ;
¶ Siben þat myn herte was brent
In cristis loue so sweete,
Al woo fro me awei is went
192 And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.

I sitte and syng
¶ I sitte and syng of loue longyng
þat in my ¹ brest is now bred.
Ihesu, my king and my ioiyng !
196 Whi ne were y to þee led ?
¶ Ful weel y woot in al my ȝernyng,
In al ioie, y schulde be fed.
Ihesu ! me bryng to þi wonyng,
200 For þe blood þat þou hast bled.

¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,
þe fair aungelis foode ;
Wib scourgis þei gan him sore swing
204 Whanne þat he bounden stoode ;
¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,
Not spilt was his blood ;
þe born crowned þat king
208 þat doon was on þe roode.

White was his nakid breest,
& reed his bloodi side,
Wan was his face fairest,
212 Hise woundis depe & wide.
¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reste
To pyne him more in þat tide ;
Al he suffride þat was wisest,
216 His blood to lete doun glide.

¶ Blyndid were hise faire yȝen,
And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete ;
Hise ¹ louesum lijf þat alle men siȝe[n],
220 Ful myldeli he out gan lete.

out he let his
[1 Page 100.]
lovesome life.

¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen
Wheþer myȝt be maister þere ;
Liif was slain, & roos a-ȝen ;
224 In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
¶ He þat þee bouȝt haue al þi þouȝt,
And lede he it in to his loore ;
ȝeue al þin herte to crist in qwarste,
228 And so to loue him euermore.

Life was slain,
but rose again to
give us bliss.
Give thy heart to
Christ !

¶ I siȝe, y sobbe, boþe day & nyȝt,
For oon þat is so fair of hue ;
þere is no þing myn herte may liȝt
232 But his loue þat is so true.
¶ Who so hadde him in his siȝte,
Or in his herte him knewe,
His moornynge schulde turne into ioie briȝt,
236 His longynge into glewe.

I sigh and sob for
Him ;
nothing but He
can comfort me.
He alone can
turn mourning
into joy.

¶ In mirþe lyueþ he nyȝt & day
þat loueþ þat sweete childe ;
Wraþþe wolde from him awey,
240 Were he neuere so wieldie.
¶ It is ihesu, forsoþe to say,
Of alle meekist & myelde ;
He þat in herte him loueþ þat day,
244 From yuel he wole him schielde.

He who loves
Jesus,
[Page 101.]
meekest and
mildest of all,
will be shielded
from evil.

¶ Of ihesu þanne moost list me speke,
þat may of al my bale be bote ;
Me þinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke
248 Whanne y þinke on þat soote.

Of Jesus I must
speak,

for He has caught
my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauȝt he haȝt my bouȝt,
þat y schal neuere for-lete ;
Ful dere me þinkeþ he haȝt me bouȝt,
252 Wiþ bloodi heed, hondis, & feete.

For Love my
heart will burst
when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste
Whanne y þat fair loue biholde ;
Loue is ful fair þere it is fest,

256 þat neuere wole be coolde.

¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyȝtis rest ;
In grace it makiþ us boolde ;
Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,
260 As holi men me haȝt tolde.

Love is the best
of all works.

I sigh when I
think on Jesus
nailed on the
Cross,

¶ No wondir if y siȝhande be,
And siȝen in woo al bi-sett ;
Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree ;
264 ȝhe, al bloody for-beet.

[Page 102.]
suffering for man.

¶ To þinke on him is greet pitee,
To se how tenderli he gret ;
þis haȝt he suffride, man, for þee,
268 If þat þou wolt þi synnes leett.

The sweetness of
Christ's Love
none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle
Of pis loue þe swetnes :
þat stidefastli in loue can dwelle,
272 His ioie is euere eendeles.

God keep him
who Loves, from
hell.

¶ God schielde þat he schulde to helle,
þat of loue longinge kan not ceesse,
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qwelle,
276 Or þat he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love
that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue þat lastiþ aye ,
To him is oure longinge.
Ihesu þe nyȝt turneþ to day,
280 And derknes in-to day spryng.

¶ Ihesu ! pinke on us now and ay,
For þee we holde oure kyng !
Ihesu, ȝeue us grace þat weel may,
284 To loue þe with oute eendynge !—A-M-E-N.

Jesu, think on us,

and give us
Grace to love
thee ever. Amen.

[“The good wif,” printed in *The Babees Bok*, &c., follows.]

Se what oure Lord Suffride for oure Sake.

[*Pages 117—120, written without breaks.*]

Make good cheer
in Christ's name.

See what he
suffered for our
sake.

Like Him let us
suffer too.

If friends forsake
us, let us think

on Jesus,

how all his
disciples fled but
Mary and John.

If wrong be
wrought us,

God may help at
need; think how
[Page 118.]
Christ has bought
us with His
blood.

BOthe ȝonge & oolde, wheþir ȝe be,
in cristis name good cheer ȝe make,
and liftiþ up ȝoure hertis, & se

4 What oure lord suffride for oure sake.
as meeke as ony lombe was he,
ensauample of him weel mowe we take,
& to suffre also in oure degré,
8 & in his seruice euere to wake.

And if oure frendis forsake us heere
so þat we be left al aloone,

þinke on ihesus þat bouȝt us dere,

12 & to him make we al oure moone ;

¶ For of þat lord weel may we leere
What wrong he suffride among hise foon ;
Whanne hise disciplis fledden for feer,

16 þer bood no mo but marie & iohne.

If ony wrong to us be wrouȝt,
Be it in word eiþer in dede,

Be of good hope ȝit in þi þouȝt

20 How god may us helpe alle at neede,
And þinke we how ihesus crist us bouȝt,
& for oure synnis hise blood wolde blede ;
for his owne gilt was it nouȝt,
24 for he dide neuere synful dede.

¶ If wickid men do us defame,
þinke how crist was bouȝt & soldē ;
to suffre for him is no schame,
28 but him to serue loke we be boold.
And if men hurte us in oure name,
We must forȝeue, boþe ȝonge & olde,
For þouȝ we suffre myche blame,
32 crist suffrider moore a þousand foold.

*And of pouert þouȝ we wolde playne,
for þat we wanten worldli good,
þinke we on ihesu, þat lord souereyn,
36 how pore he heng upon þe roode,*

¶ And how he stryued not ageyn,
but euere was meeke & mylde of mood.
to solewe þat lord we schulden be fayn,
40 in what degré þat euere we stood.

& þouȝ we haue sorowe on ech side,
& al aboute wrong & woo,
ȝit suffre meekeli, & a-bide,
44 And þinke on ihesu þat suffrider also,
and how he was in ful greet drede,
Vnto hise peynis whanne he schulde go ;
he suffrider moore in hise manhede

48 þan euere dide man, or euere schal do.

¶ þouȝ we with wrong to deeþ be brouȝt,
ȝit suffraunce is a sikir way
For þe loue of ihesu þat us dere bouȝt
52 & deide for us on good friday ;
Wherfore us þinkiþ in oure þouȝt
þat we oure lord schulde please & pay,
And we to sette þis world at nouȝt,
56 And suffre we wickid men to say.

In ihesu crist was meekenes moost,
And þerfore he þe maistrie hadde,

If men defame us,

let us suffer for
Christ,

and forgive.

He suffered 1000
fold more.If poverty pinch
us,think how Jesus
hung, poor, on the
Cross,

meek and mild.

Follow Him.

If sorrow come,
and wrong,still suffer meekly
and think on
Jesus
[Page 119.]who suffered more
than any man.If we be wrongly
brought to death,

yet suffer still

and please our
Lord.Christ, through
meekness,
overcame

and bound the
Devil,

and brought
Adam, Eve, and
others, from hell.

If you follow
Jesus,

[¹ Page 120.]
you shall find that
Meekness will
prevail,

bringing you to
endless joy.

If any man do
you wrong,

for Jesus' love

suffer it; you
shall dwell with
Him in bliss.

*And boond þe feend for al his boost
þat he was neuere so sore adradde.*

¶ *Al azens his wil & al his oost
Adam & eue with him he ladde,
And many moo out of þat coost
þat weren in prisoun ful hard bistradde.*

*And if þou in ihesu haue delite,
þouȝ al þe world do þee assaile,
Do aftir þis, & þou schalt wite
þat meekenes ! Wole þee moost availe ;*

*For who þat suffriþ heere dispite,
And meekeli a-bidiþ in þat bataile,
it wole turne hem to greet profite
& eendlees ioie for her trauaile.*

¶ *If ony man do to us a mys,
Or wole in ony wise to us offendre,
for þe loue of ihesu haue mynde on þis,
& lete meekenes þi mood ameende*

*wiþ ihesu crist, as oon of his,
And suffre meekeli what god wole sende,
þanne schal we be with him in blis
þat euere schal laste wiþouten eende. A-M-E-N.*

[“How mankinde dooþ bigynne,” pp. 58-78 of this Text,
follows here.]

Iwyte my silf myn owne Woo.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 226-33.*]

IN my ȝonge age ful wielde y was,
Mi silf pat tyme cowde y not knowe,
Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,
4 *And þat haþ now brouȝt me ful lowe.*
þinke, ihesu, how y am þin owe !
For me weere þi sidis boþe pale & bloo !
To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe ;
8 *Y wiȝte my silf myne owne woo !*

In my youth I
was very wild,

and that has
brought me low,
But, Jesu, think
how I am thine.

I blame myself
for my woo.

TI made couenaunt, true to be,
Firste whanne y baptisid was ;
Y took to þe world, & wente from þee,
12 Y folewide þe feend al in his traas ;
From wraȝþe and enuye wolde y not pas ;
Coueitise and auarise y usid also,
Mi fleische hadde his wille, alas !
16 *Y wiȝte my silf myn owne woo !*

I kept not my
baptismal
covenant,

but followed the
devil,

let my flesh
have its will,

TNow y woot y was ful wielde,
In þat my wil passid my witt ;
Y was ful sturdy, & þou ful myelde ;
20 Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it.
Of þi blis y were ful qwytt
If y hadde aftir þat y haue do ;
But to þi merci y truste zitt,
24 *Y wiȝte my silf myn owne woo !*

and was
rebellious.

But, Jesu,
[Page 227.]

I trust to Thy
mercy.

I was proud and
extravagant,

caring only for
women and dress.

I trusted riches,
not God,

and stuck at no-
thing to get
money.

[Page 228.]
Lord, I feared
Thee not,
but Thou

suffered'st for me.

Have mercy on
me!

Three evil things
ruin a man.

I. The desire of
poor men to look
like rich ones.

II. The covet-
ousness of rich
men,

¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,
And in my cloþing wondre gay ;
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte
28 Where-so þat y wente bi þe wey.
Faire wommen, and good aray,
Al myn entent y took þer-to ;
Aȝen þi techinge euere y seide nay ;
32 I wite my silf myn owne woo !

¶ I trustide more to worldli good
þan to god þat it me sente ;
Weelpe made me hiȝ of mood ;
36 Lust and likyng me ouer wente.
To gete good y wolde not stente,
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to ;
To þe poore y neijer ȝaf ne lente ;
40 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo !

¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee ;
Mi grace wente away þerfore ;
But, lord, as þou bouȝtist me,
44 So lete me neuere be for-lore.
For me þou suffredist peines sore ;
þou art my freend, and y þi foo ;
Mercy, lord ! y wole no more ;
48 Y wiyte my silf myn owne wo !

¶ þer ben .ij. poynatis of myscheef
þat ben confusioun to many a man,
Which þat worchen to her soulis greet greef ;
52 Y schal hem rehersen as y can.
Poore men proud, þat litil han,
þei wolen be a-raied as riche men goo ;
þei hindren hem silf & oþir þan,
56 And mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

¶ A riche man, þeef, is anothir,
þat of coueitise wole not slake ;

If he with wrong bigile his broþir,
cheating others,
60 Heuene blis he schal forsake ;
[Page 229.]
Bifore god, for þeefte it is take,
which with God
Al þat with wrong he wynneþ so ;
is thet.
But if he here a-meendis make !
[1 MS. made]
64 he schal wiyte him silf his owne woo.

¶ An oolde man lechhour, þe þridde it is,
III. The lechery
For his complexioun wexiþ coode ;
of old men.
It bringeþ þe soule to peyne from blis,
68 It stinckeþ on god so manye foolde.
These three please
Theise .iji. þat y haue of toold
the Devil.
Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo ;
Hem to use, who is so boold,
72 May wiyte him silf his owne woo.

¶ Manye defautis god may fynde
God shows us
In vs þat schulde hise seruauntis be ;
love, and we look
He schewiþ us loue, & we vnkinde,
76 Certis þe more to blame be wee.
away from Him
Summe staren broode & moun not se,
through sin.
Synne is þe cause it fariþ soo ;
We may blame
Suche dreden not god, y seie to þee,
ourselves for our
80 And may wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

¶ In iij. þingis y dare weel sayn
[Page 230.]
god schulde be worschipide ouer al þing ;
In three things
do riȝtwisnes with merci with al þi mayn ;
we should
84 þe þridde is cleennesse in lyuyng :
worship God,
To bischopis & curatis þat han kepinge,
Righteousness,
it is her charge, & to lordis also.
Mercy,
and if þei contrarie god-is biddinge,
Chastity,
88 þei may wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

which bishops,
curates, and lords
are bound to keep.

¶ wrong is an hiȝ seete þere riȝt schulde be,
Wrong is now set
merci for mys deede is putt away ;
up where Right
should be.

Lechery drives
away Purity.

Man, amend, or
blame yourself
for your own
torment.

I must be trou-
bled while I fol-
low my own will.

[Page 231.]

I serve the devil.

92 letcherie haþ made clennesse to flee,
Loue may not abide nyght ne day.
þus þe feend, y dare weel say,
wole make oure freend oure moost foo :
man, amende þee whilis þou may,
96 Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

Priests, knights,
and labourers
shall all suffer if
they do wrong,

and blame them-
selves for their
distress.

Lords should

help the poor,

but instead often
oppress them, and
when in woe will
have to blame
themselves.

[Page 232.]
Labourers should

¶ It is no wondir þouȝ y be woo
myn owne wil while y wole sewe,
& my lordis bidding wole not doo :
100 y am ful fals, but he is trewe,
And ȝit he fyndiþ me with al þing newe,
And y serue þe feend, and go him froo ;
But if y amende, it schal me rewe,
104 And may wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

¶ In þre degrees þe world kept is,
With preestis, knyȝtis, and laborere,
And which of hem þat doon amys,
108 þei schulen it abie wondir deer.
Bi good ensaumplis þe preestis schuld lere
þe vnleerned how þei schulden doo :
If her word & werk coorde not in fere,
112 þei mowe wite hem silf her owne woo.

¶ Knyȝthode also, lordis, ne oþir,
Schulden not be of conscience light,
þei schulden helpe her poore suster or broþer,
116 And also strengþe hem in her ryght
þoruȝ pride & couetise summe leesen her myȝt ;
For letcherie, grace is kept hem froo ;
If þei biholde her owne in-syght,
120 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,
And be riȝtful boþe in worde & deede,

And what-euere werkis þat he can,
124 And resonabli to take his meede.
Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede,
Among leerned & lewde it is founde so,
And in her laste eende it is to drede
128 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne wo.

work well, and
take reasonable
wages.
But some do
wrong,

and will have to
blame themselves.

¶ Man, take hede what þou art :
But wormes meete ! þou woost weel þis ;
Whanne þat þe erþe haþ take his part,
132 Heuene and helle schal haue his.
If þou doist weel, þou goist to blis ;
If þou do yuel, þou goost to þi foo ;
Loue þi lord god, & þinke on þis,
136 Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.

Man, worms'
food, thou must
go

to blis or hell.

Do not have to
blame thyself for
thy woe.

¶ Now ihesu crist, oure sauyour :
From oure foos þou vs defende ;
In al oure nede be oure socour,
140 Heere & whanne we hens wende,
And sende us grace so to amende,
His blisse þat we may come vnto,
Heere to make so good an eende
144 þat wee not cause oure owne woo.

Christ, defend us,

here and
hereafter.
[Page 233.]
Bring us to Thy
bliss that we may
not cause our own
woe.

Deo gracias.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is sir Harry
myndes booke, Record of John Dauis, & of sir John George & of
Sir Robert george fines (?)]

The Virtues of the Name Jesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Jesus,
when thou
speakest it, it
shall be honey in
thy mouth and
melody in thine
heart.

[Page 89.]
Think on Jesus;

it drives out the
devil, and opens
heaven.

Also hail Mary
often.

Keep Love in
thine heart, for
Love is the ful-
filling of the Law.

If þou wole be weel with god, *And* haue grace
to reule þi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name
ihesu, fastne it so fast in þin herte þat it come neuere
4 out of þi þouȝt. And whanne þou spekist to him,
& seist ihesu þoruȝ custum, It schal be in þin eere
ioie, *And* in þi mouȝt hony, *And* in þin herte melo-
die, For þou schalt þinke ioie to heere þe name of
8 ihesu be nempned *,² swetnes to speke it, Myirþe &
song to þinke on it. If þou þinke on ihesu con-
tynueli, And holde it stabli, It purgiȝ þi synne, it
kyndeliȝ þin herte, It clarifieȝ þi soule, It remeueȝ
12 anger, it doiȝ a-way slownes, It wyndiȝ in loue
fulfillid of charite, It chasiȝ þe deuel, it puttȝ
out drede, It openeȝ heuene, it makiȝ contemplatiȝ
men haue in mynde ofte ihesu, For alle vicis &
16 fantums it puttȝ fro þe louer. Also þerto heile ofte
marie boȝe day & nyȝt, *And* þanne myche ioie &
loue schalt þou fele. And þou do aftir þis lore, þe
neediȝ not greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue
20 in herte & in werk, *And* þou hast al þat we may
seie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat
hongiȝ al.

* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *e*.

A Song Called
Ye Denelis Parlament,
 or
Parlementum of Feendis.

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1480 A.D., Pages 157—182.*)

Whazne marye was greet with gabriel,
 And had conceyued & boren a childe,
 Alle þe deuelis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,
 4 helden þer paralament of þat maide mylde,
 ¶ What man had made her wombe to swelle.
 “ To tempten hir ȝe tenden to seelde ;
 her childis fadir who can telle,
 8 Who dide with hir þo werkis wielde ? ”

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,
 “ We knew neuere fadir þat he hadde,
 But amongis prophetis we haue leerid
 12 þat god with man haþ couenaunt maade :
 ¶ A serpent in deseert was rerid,
 So schal god-is sone in man be had,
 þe soule of him schal be vnsperid,
 16 his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

¶ þese prophetis speken so in myst,
 What þei mente we neuere knewe ;
 þei spoken of oon schulde hote crist,
 20 But maries sone hiȝte ihesu ;

When Mary had
 given birth to
 Jesus, all the
 Devils held a
 consultation as to
 who had begotten
 Him.

The Hell-Devils
 did not know, but
 had learnt from
 Prophets

that God's Son
 was to be raised
 in man, and to
 suffer death ;

[Page 158.]
 and that one,
 Christ, should
 come ; but Mary's
 Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ should be one with God; but Jesus was not. So the Devils were puzzled.

But they agreed that if God sent His Son into man's body,

they would claim Him as theirs, because He'd be of man's nature,

and though of alien begetting, yet sown in Adam's ground, [Page 150.] and to be reaped by them, God notwithstanding.

The Master Devil undertook to tackle Jesus,

make a fool of him, and bring His soul to hell.

For 30 years they tried

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be a-twist,
But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew ;
We ben bigilid alle wiþ oure lyst.

24 þe cloþ is al of another hew ;

¶ And þouȝ god make hise perlament
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent

28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,
¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent
A priuey councell al of tresoun,
And clayme ihesu for oure rent :

32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,
Síþen to us he is vnknownen,
For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,

36 ȝit in adams grond was he sownen.
¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede ;
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,

40 Bi riȝt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

"To me, maistir deuel, it lijs ;
To ihesu wole y take hede,
To norische him in manye delijs,

44 His freul fleische boþe to cloþe & fede ;
¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wijs,
ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,
And make of him boþe fool and nyce,

48 And in helle his soule brede."

¶ þus deuelis þer wilis caste
Wiþ þer argumentis greete,
& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete.

¶ "In to a wildernes with ihesus y paste,
Of him knowliche for to gete,
And fourty daies þere he faste

56 Wiþoute sleep, drinke, or meete."

to tempt Jesus,
and went to a
wilderness where

he fasted 40 days.

¶ þe maistir deuel wondre þouȝte
Of ihesus stalworþe complexiouȝ ;
Bi mannys fode lyuede he nouȝte,

60 But bi praiers and deuociouȝ.

¶ "But whanne he bigan to hunger, as me þouȝt,
To tempte him þanne y made me boun :
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrouȝte,

64 Make herof breed, y seide, to mannis foisoun.'

[Page 160.]
The Master Devil
wondered at
Jesus' constitu-
tion, living only
on prayers; but
at last tempted
Him, 'Here are
stones, make
them bread.'

¶ 'Forsoȝe,' ihesu seide, 'not oonli in breed
is verrili mannis propir lyuyng,
But in euery worde of þe godhede

68 To body and soule is coumfortyng.'

¶ Vpon an hiȝ pinnacle þanne y him brouȝte,
And left him þere, and leep a-downe,
And seide, 'sauë þee harmelees, lyme & heed,

72 And kipe now maistries while þou art ȝonge.

Jesus said, 'Man's
food is not bread
alone, but every
word of God.'
The devil took
Him to a pinna-
cle, leapt down,
and asked Him to
follow,

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se ;
Of þee is writhen longe a-goon,
'Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee

76 Lest þou spurne þi foot at a stoon.'

¶ Quod ihesu, 'in holi writh þou maist se,
Tempte not þi lord god lyuyngþe aloone ;
Wiþ al þi myght and þi pooste

80 þou schalt him serue, and oþir noone.'"

'Angels shall
bear Thee in their
hands lest Thou
strike Thy foot
against a stone.'

[Page 161.]
Jesus said,
'Tempt not thy
God, but serve
Him with all thy
might.'

¶ þe deuel siȝ it myght not geyn ;
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys ;
He brouȝte him til an hiȝ mounteyn,

Then the Devil
brought Him to
a mountain,

showed Him all
the world's riches,
and said,

'Worship me, and
all this is Thine.'

'Begone, Satan,
from heaven !'

Thy Lord God
only shalt thou
honour.'
Alas, said the
Devil,

I am sore hit, I
never stood such
an attack.

[Page 162.]
Again the Devils
held their Parliament in the mist.
'Some one is
coming to rifle
our home. Once
his name was
John the Baptist,
then Jesus, then
Christ.'

He has never
sinned in lust,

but has resisted
temptation.

He said he would
throw down the
Temple, and raise
it on the third
day.

At His birth

84 And bad him do as he wolde wys.
 ¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat pleyn,
 Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli blisse ;
 "Worschipe me here, & bicome my swayn,
 88 And y schal ȝeue þee al this."

¶ "Go, sathanas ! from blis þou flit,
 From heuene riche, þat rial tour !
 It is writen oonli in holi writh
 92 'þi lord god þou schalt honour.'"
 ¶ "Alas," quod þe deuel, "where hast þou þat
 witt ?
 þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,
 þi conclusioun so soore me knyt,
 96 I abood neuere so scharp a schour."

¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet frame,
 And heelden þer parlament in þe myst.
 "Oon wolde rifle us at hame,
 100 And gadere þe flour out of oure gryst ;
 ¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,
 Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist,
 But now he hap turned, ihesus is his name :
 104 þat first hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst,

¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,
 But euere in stabilnes he is ay,
 And streitely kepiȝ god-is lawe,
 108 And stijfly wiȝ-stoondiȝ myn assay ;
 ¶ To werkis of vice wole he not drawe ;
 A wondir worde y herde him say,
 þe greet temple he wolde doun þrawe,
 112 And reise it aȝen on þe þridde day.

¶ Whazne he was born, wondris bifel :
 Ouer al was pees, boȝe eest and west,

In rome of oile þere sprong a welle,
116 From tristiuer to tybre it ran prest.

¶ In rome þer templis doun felle,
þer mawmetis diden al to-brest,
Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle—
120 'In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest.'

¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiȝe,
þre suznis in oon he siȝ schyninge clere,
In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siȝe
124 A man childe in her armes beer.

¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie,
And þei accordiden boþe in feere,
And seiden 'god-is sone mankinde schulde bie ;
128 It is þe tokene, þe tyme neȝeþ neere.'

¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer,
To worschipe ihesu al þei souȝte ;
þat reisid eroudis herte þere
132 þem to slee, for þei so vrouȝte.

¶ Bi þe liȝtynge of a sterre,
To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouȝte ;
Homeward an aungil tauȝte hem nerre
136 A-noþer wey þan þei had þouȝte.

¶ þanne y councellid eroud with-inne a while
To distroie þe former prophesie,
þat alle men children in towne & pile
140 to slee þem, þat ihesus myght with hem die.

¶ He ascapide in to egypt ; in þat while
þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiȝe ;
he knew my þouȝte, & siȝ my gilee,
144 y myghte not hide me from his yȝe.

¶ To tempte ihesu it wole not availe ;
Of þe worldis good haþ he no neede ;

a well of oil
sprang up in
Rome ; temples
fell ; idols broke.
[Page 163.]

Angels announced
Peace on earth
to all mankind.

The Emperor saw
three Suns in
one ; in their
midst a Maid with
a child.

He and the Sibyl
prophesied, 'God's
Son shall redeem
mankind ; the
time draws nigh.'

Three Kings came
from far to
worship Jesus,

led by the light of
a Star, bringing
presents

[Page 164.]
The Devil advised
Herod
to slay all the
male children,
but Jesus escaped
into Egypt,

detecting the
Devil's guile.

'It is no good to
tempt Him ;

the more I work
the worse I speed

and the less He
heeds me.

If I tempt Him

to lechery, He
escapes by
chastity.

[Page 165.]
He abides in
charity, and will

not be covetous.

I can't make him
stumble. He

never went to
school, and yet
I saw Him argu-
ing against all
the Doctors.

He calls Himself
God's Son.

He makes the
crooked straight,

gives sight to the
blind, sense to
madmen,

and drives out
devils.

[Page 166.]
He turns water
into wine;

I leese on him so myche trauaile,
148 þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede ;
¶ With þe scharper a-sautis y him assaile,
þe lasse of me he stoondiþ in drede,
þe bolder in bikir y bidde him bataile,
152 þe lasse of me he takiþ hede.

¶ For if y tempte him in wrappe or pride,
Wiþ pacience and mekenes he sconfitiþ me ;
If y tempte him to letcherie, y muste me hide,
156 He voidiþ me of wiþ chastitee.

¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not abide,
But is euere in mesure and in charitee ;
In coueitise & auarise wole he not ride,
160 but is euere in largenes and in pouerte."

¶ þe deuel seide, "neiþer in hoot ne coolde
I may not make him stumble ne falle ;
I nyste him neuere goo to scoole,
164 And ȝit oonis y siȝ him spute in þe scoole halle :
¶ He satte him silf on þe hijest stoole,
And argued aȝens þe maistris alle ;
Summe callid him wijs, summe callid him foole,
168 But 'goddis sone' he him silf dooþ calle.

¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,
For crokide & creplis he makiþ riȝt ;
For deaf, & dombe, & boren blynde,
172 he ȝeueþ hem speche, heeryng, & sight.
¶ Woode men, he ȝeueþ hem þer mynde,
And makiþ mesels hool and liȝt ;
A legioun of feendis in a man he dide finde,
176 Alle he drofe out þoruȝ his myght.

¶ Wiyn of watir he makiþ blyue,
And dooþ manye a wondir dede,

Wiþ two fyschis, and loues fyue,
180 fyue þousand men y sawȝ him fede.

¶ Twelue leepis of releef þeof dide þriue
To men, women, & children, þat hadden nede ;
Deed men he reisid from deeþ to lyue,
184 And ȝit weriþ he neuere but oo wede.

¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,
Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis ;
But onis he saued a weddid wif,
188 In spousebriche þat hadde doon mys.

¶ He is so wondirful in lijf,
I can not knowe weel what he is ;
I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif ;
192 He is oute of oure bookis, & we out of his.

A fitte. **S**iben y him first tempte bigan,
I siȝ him neuere chaunge hewe ;
Oonys he bad me “ go, foulȝ sathan ! ”
196 Euere-more þat repreef y rewe.

¶ In werkis he is good, in persoone a man ;
Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.
Where lerned he al þe witt þat he can ?
200 For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.

¶ I folewide him oonys to a place,
To a mounteyne upon an hiȝte ;
Petir, iames, & iohȝ, þere was,
204 Ely & moyses stood þerȝ up riȝt.

¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face,
But y myȝt not, it schoon so briȝt ;
In þe soopfast sunne closid it was,
208 þe briȝt beemys blent my siȝt.

¶ To lette þe prophesie scone y went,
þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois ;

feeds 5000 men
with two fishes
and five loaves,
leaving 12 baskets
of fragments,
and raises the
dead to life.

He desires no sin
with woman,
and yet once
saved an
adulteress.
He is such a
wonder I cannot
make out what
He is. He is out
of my books.

I have never seen
him change
colour, though
once He reproved
me.

[Page 167.]
In person He is a
man ; but where
does His know-
ledge come from ?

Once I saw Him
with Peter,
James, John,
Elias, and Moses.
His face shone so
bright
that it blinded
me.

I gave the Jews
the choice of
killing Jesus.

If he dies on the
cross we are
ruined; so I was
sorry to hear
their 'Crucify
Him,' and set
Pilate's wife to
stop it.

If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent :
212 I wolde not þat þei hadde ȝeue þat vois.
¶ Me was woo for þat iugement,
Of "crucifuge" to heere þe noise ;
Pilatis wif y bad bisily ȝeue tent
þat ihesu were not doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.]
But the Jews bore
false witness,
and nailed Him on
the Cross till He
died.

I looked sharp
after His soul,
but couldn't see
where it went.

The sun and moon
lost their light,
the earth
trembled,

dead men arose.

I lost my senses,

and don't know
where His soul is
gone to.

[Page 169.]
But we must get
ready all our
tackle, for He'll
attack us.
Prepare for
defence.

If He comes we
must all try

¶ ȝit þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,
And nailed him upon þe roode,
220 And peyned him þere til þat he deied.
¶ Vndir his lift side y my silf stood,
And aftir his soule ful naruz a-spied ;
I wist neuere whidir it ȝode ;
224 Whanne he it up ȝaf, so manly he cried ;

¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light,
þe elementis fouȝten as leit of þundir,
þe erþe qwoke, and mounteynes an hight,
228 Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir ;
¶ Dede men risen þoruȝ his myȝt
To bere witnes of þat wondir ;
My mynde failid, y loste my siȝte,
232 I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot not where,
So priuely it dide from me passe ;
Whanne his herte was pirlid with a spere,
236 þanne wyste y weel who he was.
¶ Ordeyne we us wiȝ al oure gere,
For hidir he þinkȝ to make a race ;
Arise we alle þat ben bounden heere,
240 And foond we to defende oure place,

¶ For if þat he wole hidir come,
We schulen foondene euery-choon,

Alle to-gidere, boþe hool & some,
 244 To teer him from þe top to þe toon."
 ¶ þanne seide lucifer anoone,
 " It is but waast to speken so ;
 þe spirit of him is now hidir come
 248 For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from
 top to toe.
 Lucifer said,
 'That's no good ;
 His spirit is now
 here to work our
 woe.

¶ þere as þe goode soulis diden in dwelle,
 þei cheyned þe ȝatis, and barred hem faste ;
 " A ! now," ihesu seide, " þe princis felle,
 252 Openeþ þe ȝatis þat euere schal laste,
 ¶ And letiþ in ȝoure king of blis to helle."
 þe deuelis axid him þanne in haste,
 " Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle ?
 256 Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste ? "

The Devils
 chained up and
 barred the gates
 where the good
 souls were.
 Jesus said,
 'Princes fell, open
 the gates, and let
 the King of Bliss
 into Hell.'
 The Devils asked,
 'Who is the King
 of Bliss ?'

¶ " Strong god and king of myght,
 I am lord and king of blis,
 Ouer-comer of deeþ, myghti in fight !
 260 Euerlastynge ȝatis, openeþ wight !
 ¶ Boþe pees, mercy, trouþe, & right,
 I brouȝt them at oon, & made þem to kis ;
 Euerlastynge ȝatis, openeþ on hight,
 264 And lete in ȝoure king to take out his !

[Page 170.]
 'I am,' said
 Christ, 'and over-
 comer of death.'

Everlasting
 gates ! open
 quickly.

Let in your King
 to take out His
 own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,
 Witnes þerof, my body in erþe lieþ deed,
 And þe holi goost with þe soule togider
 268 þat neuere schal parte from þe godhede.
 ¶ In heuen blis ȝe stooden full slidir ;
 þoruȝ pride ȝe offendid my fadris bede ;
 Mannis soule for meeknes schal come þider,
 272 þere as ȝe feendis forfeitid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul,
 am here, though
 my body lies
 dead.

Ye lost Heaven
 from Pride.
 Man through
 Meekness shall
 possess your
 seats.'

¶ þanne seide lucifer, " god dide forbede
 To adam in paradiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God
 condemned

Adam to Hell for ever.

[Page 171.]
Thou art of Adam's seed, and we claim Thee. There is no return from Hell.'

'True,' said Christ; 'but the closed Hell is for you; this Hell is free.'

Man is redeemed.

Thou art condemned.

I sprang not from sinful seed, but

took flesh in a maiden sinlessly.

[Page 172.]
When thou temptedst Adam,

I fought for him,

and now will defeat thee.'

Lucifer said,

And peyne of deeþ to haue for þat dede,
276 And aftir in helle euere for to be :

¶ And þou art come of adam seed,
þerfore bi right we chalenge þee,
For in holi writh þou made rede,
280 'In helle is no remedie.'"

¶ Ihesu seide, "lucifer, sooþ þou tellist me ;
But þou woost not þi silf how
þere is a boonde helle, but þis is free.

284 þe boond helle was ordeyned for þou ;

¶ For þat þat man forfetid þoruȝ a tree,
þoruȝ a tree aȝen bouȝt is he now.
þou madist him synne, þe peyne longiþ to þee,
288 For þou waitist neuere good to mannis prouȝ.

¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,
And seidist y was of þe seed of adams kyn ;
forsoþe y out of þe godhede come,

292 And took fleisch & blood a maiden with-inne.

¶ for as of þe seed of erþe þer springiþ blome,
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne :
þin argument is fals, so is þi doome ;

296 Bi what right woldist þou me wynne ?

¶ Who was cheef of þi councell
In heuen whanne þou forfetidist þe blis ?
In paradiis adam þou dedist assaile,

300 And temptidist him to forfete his ;

¶ And y in his quarel took bataile
Aȝen my fadir to amende his mys,
Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt faile,

304 forthi þi quarel nouȝt it is."

¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,
" Whi spekist þou so to me heere ?

It is but wantowne wordis in veyn ;
 308 I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere.
 ¶ Sumtyme whanne y was in heuen an hiȝ,
 þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,
 Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly
 312 For to come to þat blis ageyn."

'Thou comest
here to frighten
us.'

¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho,
 And seide to him in þis manere,
 " It is but waast to speken so,
 316 Or ony suche wordis to seie now here.
 ¶ þat tyme while þou in heuen were,
 Ful myche ioie haddist þou tho ;
 For alle þi felawis, glad were þei þere,
 320 But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo."

Christ answered,

'That is idle talk.'

[Page 173.]
 While you were
in heaven you had
much joy, but it
soon ceased.'

¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn,
 And seide to him with wordis sere,
 " In þis place y haue dwellid in woo & peine
 324 Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere :
 ¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn
 þe which y loste for my pride þere,
 for þere it is myrie in certeyn
 328 To wonye wiȝ rial aungils clere."

Lucifer said, 'I
have dwelt here
in torment above
4000 years; help

me to bliss again.'

to merry time
with angels.'

¶ " I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle,
 Or euere ony þing was wrought—
 Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
 332 Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought.
 ¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist in wele,
 I made þee aboue aungils alle,
 But þerof rauȝt þou neuere a deel,
 336 Suche pride in þin herte gan falle.

Christ answered,
 'Before the
heavens were
I made thee of
nothing,'

and set thee above
the angels.'

¶ In heuen whanne þou were at þi wille,
 þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste ;

[Page 174.]
 In heaven

I gave thee my
seat when I went
away, and when
I came back thou

said'st thou wast
the wortlier,

and thou never
repentedst.

Adam did; he
asked mercy. God
sent me here for
that, and let me
die.

In His name, open
your gates.'

Like lightning
the gates burst.

Christ took
out Adam and all
His chosen ones;
and all sang
thanking, namely,

Adam,

Noah,

Abraham,

Moses,

David,

I took þee my seete ful stille,
340 It to ȝeme þou were ful prest;

¶ And while y wente where me list,
And come aȝen a-noon in hiȝe,

þou seidist þat þou were worþiest,
344 And to sitte þere as weel as y;

¶ And þou repentidist þee neuermore,
But euere aggregidist þi trespass.

Adam wepte & siȝede soore,
348 And askid mercy & oile of grace;

¶ My fadir sende me hidir þerfore,
Vpon a tree leete deeþ me chase,
A spere þoruȝ myn herte gan boore,

352 & leete out þe derworþiest oile þat euere was.

¶ In my fadris name of heuene
Opene þe ȝatis aȝens me!"

As liȝt of leite, and þundir leeme,
356 þe ȝatis to-burste, and gan to flee;

¶ God took out adam and eue ful euene,
And alle hise chosen compayne.
þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,

360 "A song of wondris now syng we."

¶ "A, ha!" seide **Adam**, "my god y se;
He þat made me wiþ his hond!"

"I se," seide **noe**, "where comeþ hee
364 þat sauede me boþe on watir & londe!"

¶ **Quod abraham**, "y se my god so free
þat sauede my sone fro bittir bande!"

þo seide **moyses**, "þese tablis he bitook me
368 His lawe to preche and vndirstande!"

¶ **Quod Danid**, "we spoken of oon so grym
þat schulde breke þe brasen ȝatis."

Quod **Zacharie**, “ & his folk outnym,
372 And leue þere stille þo þat he hatis.” Zachariah,

¶ Quod **symeon**, “ he liȝtneþ his folk in dym,
Lo where derknes schendiþ her statis.
þo seide **iohn**, “ þis lomb, y spak of him,
376 þat al þe worldis synne a-batys.” Symeon,
and John the Bap-
tist.

¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond,
And brouȝt þem to þe place of blis,
And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,
380 “ þis bargeyn y haue bouȝt her, þis : [Page 176.]
Christ led
them to bliss, say-
ing he had bought
it for all who will

¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde
þat wole axe grace and ameende þer mys,
Schulen be with ȝou heere pleyande
384 In my kingdom, heuene blis.” ask grace, and
amend their sins.

¶ Thus ihesus crist harewide helle,
And ledde hise louers to paradijs :
Of þe opere hellis wolde he not melle,
388 Where feendis blake bounden lijs, Thus Christ
harrowed Hell.
But the other
hells he wouldn't
touch, where
fiends and damn-
ed souls ever
dwell,

¶ And where dampned soulis euere schulen dwelle
þat wolen not do weel, but euere be nyce,
Turmentid with horrible deuelis of helle
392 þat sumtyme were aungils of prijs. tormented by
horrible devils.

¶ Helle repreued þo þe deuel sathan,
And horribli gan him dispice,
“ To me ȝou art a schrewide captayn,
396 A combrid wretche in cowardise.” Then Hell re-
proached Satan
with cowardice.

¶ þo seide lucifer, “ siþen þe world bigan
I haue brouȝt hidir manye a greet price
Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,
400 Boȝe þe false, foolis, and þe wise. [Page 177.]
But Lucifer justi-
fied himself; he
had brought all
kinds of men
there,

¶ Helle, so worschipide neuere ȝou were
If ȝou cowdist haue kept þee so ; and Christ too ;
but Hell wouldn't

keep them.

Hell said he
couldn't help it.
Christ took them.

I brouȝte þee boȝe god & man in fere ;

404 Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go ?"

¶ Quod helle, " not wiþ þi poowere

I myȝte not werne him oon of tho ;

He took out alle þat were him dere ;

408 I myȝte not lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo."

Beelzebub barred
up the gates, but
Christ broke them
through with a
word.After the Doom
comes endless
torment.[Page 178.]
Jesus rose on the
third day,and was seen by
many ;once in a company
of 500.To Mary Magda-
lene He said'Touch me not,'
but to His
disciples,
'Handle my
wounds; I have
flesh and blood,
which ghosts
have not.'¶ Quod belsabub, " y barrid ful faste
þe ȝatis with lok, cheyne, bolt, & pyn ;
And with oo word of his wyndis blaste

412 þei broken vp, and he came ynne.

¶ He boond me, and downe me caste ;
it is to us no bote to stryue with him ;
Whazne þe dredful doome is come & paste,
416 Oure eendelees peyne is þanne to bigynne."¶ þouȝ þe iewis dide ihesu to die,
ȝit on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen ;
It was to him moore victorie

420 þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him size,
Summe were sory, summe were fayne,
And sumtyme in oon compayne

424 Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

¶ Of oynement ful manye a drope,
Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouȝte ;
Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,

428 And seide, " mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt."

¶ Alle hise disciplis weren in wanhope ;

For to coumforte them ihesu þouȝte,
And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,

432 " I haue fleisch & blood ! so spiritus haue nouȝt."

To Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right hard bileeue
Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho :

Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue,

436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to ;

¶ For here þou maist now þe soope preue,

How þat y on þe roode was y-doo ;

And he þat wille not on it bileeue,

440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."

Jesus said,
'Come and see
the proof that I
was crucified.'

[Page 179.]
He who will not
believe it shall be
damned.'

¶ þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche

To hise disciplis, " y wole ȝe goo

To alle creaturis aboute, to preche

444 Myn uprisyng, to freende & foo ;

¶ And þo þat bileeuen þat ȝe teeche,

Bodies and soulis saued ben thou ;

And þo þat bileeuen not, y seie to eche,

448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.

To His disciples
He said, 'Go and
preach my upris-
ing to all people.'

They who believe
it shall be saved ;
they who do not
shall go to hell.

¶ From ȝou, feendis schulen flee for my name ;

Eddris & venym schal from ȝou steele ;

þouȝ ȝe drinke poisoun, it schal not ȝou tame,

452 Neiper harme ȝou, ne noo greef feele.

Devils shall flee
from you,
poison shall not
hurt you.

¶ I schal newe tungis in ȝou frame

Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele ;

And þo þat ȝe touche, sike or lame,

456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."

You shall speak
all languages, and
heal all sick you
touch.'

¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurreccioun, here

In erþe he was forsoþe dwellynge

Til hooly þursday comen were,

460 þat he stiȝ to heuene, where he is king.

¶ At þe dredful doom, wiþ-out lesing,

Boþe quycke and deede þere schal he deme.

God ȝeue us grace in oure lyuyng

464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.

[Page 180.]
Christ remained
on earth till Holy
Thursday, and
then ascended
into heaven.
He shall judge the
living and dead.

¶ Of alle þe children þat euere were borun,

Saue oonli crist him silf a-loone,

Next to Christ

the hollest child
was John the
Baptist, who
baptized Christ

and died for Him.

Was no on so holi here biforn

468 As was þis holi child seynt iohun

¶ þat baptisid oure lord in flom iordon

Wip ful deuout & good deuocioun,

And after for ihesus loue to deeþ gan goon,

472 And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed
Mother was

taken up to her
Son

[Page 181.]

by angels, and
crowned

Queen of Heaven,

¶ Now schal y telle with ful good cheere

Of þat holi assumpcioun

Of his blessid modir dere,

476 How sche was taken up with greet deuocioun

¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,

þat þerto sente hise aungils a-down,

& vp þei baren þat maiden cleere ;

480 Queene of heuen þere þei dide hir crowne.

while all the
angels sang

Glory to God.

May we all see
that sight !

¶ þenne alle aungils þat were in heuene

Were at þe crownyng of þat maide free,

And songen alle with mylde steuene

484 "Gloria tibi domine."

¶ þat is a song of ioie and blisse !

God ȝeue us grace þat siȝt to se,

Of his mercy þat we nouȝt mysse,

488 Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is
called 'The
Devil's Perla-
ment,' and is read
on the first Sunday
in Lent. He who

would go to
heaven must keep
clear of the devil.

¶ þis song þat y haue sunge ȝou heere,

Is clepid 'þe deuelis perlament.'

þerof is red in tyme of ȝeere

492 On þe first sunday of clene lent.

¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,

Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment ;

In heuene his soule may þere be sure

496 Wip aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]
There is no tri-
filing in this tale.

¶ þis lessoun was made but late ;

þere ben no triflis in þis tale ;

þe deuelis boost þus gan he bate,
 500 Oure curteis crist, oure king riale.
 ¶ He helpe us in alle at heuene ȝate,
 Wiþ seintis to sitte þere in sale !
 Crist ! kepe us out of harme and hate,
 504 For þin hooli spirit so special !

This is how
 Christ humbled
 the Devil.

May He help us
 into heaven, and
 keep us out of
 harm.

Explicit parlamentum of feendis.

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Boke, &c.*, follows here.]

The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life,

OR

BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE
SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the insetting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is
wonderful ! Be-
gotten in sin,

endangering his
mother's life.

Poor he comes ;
poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw
a new-born child
[¹ Page 121.]

go into the desert,
and be taken in
hand by an
Angel-friend and
an Angel-foe.

The *World* told
the *Child* it gave
him food and
clothes.

How mankinde doop bigynne
is wondir for to scryue so ;
In game he is bigoten in synne,
4 þe child is þe modris deedli foo ;
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,
In perelle of deep ben boþe two.
Pore he come þe world with-ynne,
8 Wiþ sorewe & pouert oute schal he goo.

In wyntir nyȝt or y wakid,
In my sleep y dreemed so ;
I saw a child modir ¹ nakid,
12 New born þe modir fro.
Al aloone, as god him makid,
In wildernes he dide goo,
Til two in gouernaunce it takid,
16 An aungel freende, an aungil foo.

Quod þe world to þe child, “ how many foolde
Hast þou brouȝt richesse ? now late se :
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde
20 But y lente meete & cloþe to þee :

I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde;
How wolt þou quyte it me?"

Quod desteine, " he is bouȝt & soolde."
24 Quod deeþ, " his eende make schal we."

Quod þe child, " y come poore þe world with- *The Child.*
inne I came to seek
To pursue a wondirful eritage : a wondrous
Nakid out of þe wyket of synne, heritage ;

28 Of the perellis of streite passage,
To seke deeþ y dide bigynne,
þat ilke dredful pilgrymage,
Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne,
32 To make a deuourse of þat mariage.
to seek Death ;
to divorce my soul
from my body.

Liztnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte,
þe comaundementis þat god bede ;
Lust, liking, & iolite,
36 .vij. werkis of mercy ¹ and þe crede.
Veyne glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,
Sowowe, siȝing, loue, & drede,
To the child her seruice profren he,
40 For helle peyne or heuene meede.

Thanne come oon & stood ful stille,
And his seruice profride he :
" þese folke wolde þi silfe spille
44 To make þee bonde ; y wole make þee free.
þei han þee tauȝt boþe good & ille ;
From her councel fast þou flee,
For my name is freewille ;
48 Leue alle hem & folowe me."

The ȝonge childe in studie stood,
And in herte wittis souȝte.
Conscience mengid his mood,
52 " Mi fair childe, what hast þou bouȝt ?

Bodily gifts, and
God's Command-
ments,
the Pleasures of
this life, its
[1 Page 122.]
Borrow, and the
Works of Mercy,
offer to lead the
child to heaven or
hell.

Freewill says,
I will make thee
free ;
leave all others,
and follow me.

Conscience says,

know evil from
good ;

Freewill will
make thee mad ;

know me,
Conscience ;

[1 Page 123.]
cultivate
Prudence ;

beware of Beck-
lessness.

At seven years
old the Child

is urged by the
Good Angel to

honour his
parents ;

by the wicked
Angel to despise
them ;

by the Good to

bridle his tongue ;

by the Wicked to
give it license.

[1 Page 124.]
Childhood lasts
from seven

to fourteen.

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,
We two to rekenyng must be brouȝt :

Biwaare ! free wille wole make þee woode ;
Free wille withouten witte is nouȝt.

56

For my name is Conscience ;
To knowe me þou must bigynne ;

Discrecioun is my science,
Vicis & Vertues ¹ to voide a twynne.

60

A-queynte þe weel with Prudence,
He ledijþ alle vertues out & inne ;
Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,
For he is leder of al synne.

64

TWhanne þe child was .vij. ȝeere olde,
Passyng sowkyng of milke drewis,
þe good aungil þe childe dide weelde ;
Al vertu to him þan soone he schewis :
"To fadir & modir honour þou zeelde ;
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis."
þe wickid aungil bad him be boold
To calle þope fadir & modir schrewis.

68

Pþe good aungil badde him " be mylde
From al woo, it wole þee werre :
þat man may hiȝe housis bilde
þat his tunge can weel for-beerre."
Quod þe wickid aungil, " while þou art a child,
With þi tunge on folk þou bleere ;
Course of kynde is for ȝouþe to be wilde,
To beete alle children, and do hem deerre."

72

Thus at ¹ vij. ȝeere age childhood bigynnes,
And folowith folies many foold ;
Aftirward his childhode blynnes ;
Whanne he is fourtene ȝeere olde,

80

þanne knowliche of manhode he wynnes,
 þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde ;
 þanne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes
 88 With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.

Quod resoun, " in age of .xx. ȝeer,
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, " harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
 92 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to
 plawe,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemand A good squyer
 96 Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe.

Quod conscience, " þat axiþ coost ;
 þe moore þou spendist, þe lesse þou hast ;
 þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost,
 100 þi frendis good þou spendist in waast."
 Quod lust to conscience, " ȝouþe so muste ;
 ȝouþe can not kepe him chast."
 " Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
 104 þi councel saucriþ not my tast.

Pouȝ Conscience bidde me be stille,
 I wole holde forþe þat y bigan ;
 Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
 108 I wole spare no womman ;
 Conscience wolde binde me to skille,
 And make me his bondman.
 Fareweel Conscience ! weelcome frewille !
 112 I wole lerne no more good þan y can."

Now viciȝ & vertues wole not slake,
 Now man is .xx. wyntir in age :
 Quod pride, " no man þou forsake,
 116 I wole þee sette in þe hiȝest stage."

Then the Seven
 Virtues and the
 Seven Mortal
 Sins strive for the
 boy's soul.

About twenty
 years old, Reason
 advises man
 study ;
 Lust advises
 music, staff-play,
 women, and
 wild companions.

Conscience says
 these will waste
 time and
 learning.

Lust poohpoohs
 that; and the
 [Page 125.]
 young Man scorns
 it;

his lust will spare
 no woman ;

he will not be a
 servant to con-
 science, but to
 Freewill, and
 learn no good.

After twenty
 years old, come
 the advice of
 Pride,

| | | |
|---|-----|--|
| Gluttony, | | Quod gloteny, "nyȝt & day þou wake ; Ete late & eerli in outrage." |
| Lechery, | | Quod leccherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake, |
| | 120 | And make no force of no mariage." |
| Wrath, | | Q uod wræþe, "loke þou bere þee bolde ; What man þee teene, His heed þou breest." |
| Envy, | | Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde, |
| [Page 126.] | | And pursue ¹ for to passe þe beest." |
| Sloth, | 124 | Quod slouþe, "in zouþe, or þou be oolde, Leerne for to take þi reest." |
| Covetousness, | | Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde." |
| Avarice. | 128 | Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest." |
| <i>Pride says, wear long pockets, and slashed (?) clothes;</i> | | A pparaile þe propirli," quod Pride, "Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ; Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side |
| reverence no one, | 132 | Passinge alle oþere mennis sise ; And where þat þou goo ouþer ride, Do no reuerence to foole ne wise ; |
| oppress the poor, despise advice. | | Late no poore neiȝbore þryue þee biside ; |
| <i>Meekness says : Pride will bring you to woe. Once he was lovely in highest heaven,</i> | 136 | Alle oþer mennis council loke þou dispise." |
| now he is loath- some in hell, and meek man has his inherit- ance. | | B i waar," quod Meekenes, "how pride doop wys ; He ȝeuþ but woo & wyssche to wage ; Of aungelis bewte þe prijs was his ; |
| <i>Wrath advises : meddle in every quarrel,</i> | 140 | In heuene on þe hizest stage, He wolde hauke peerid with god of blis ; Now is he in helle moost looþeli page. |
| [Page 127.] | | þat feendis forfeitid for her mys, Is now meeke mannis eritage." |
| wrong or right. | 144 | Q uod wræþe, "From þat council flee, þou art stalworþe, ȝonge, and liȝte, Of all quarellis medle þou þee |
| | 148 | Boþe of wronge & of riȝte. |

Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,
Riche or poore, welike or wiȝte,
Loke þou bere þee boolde on me,
152 And y for þee wole chide & fliȝte." *I will bully for you.*

Panne up stood Paciens,
"As wraȝþe biddiȝ, do not soo,
For wraȝþe haȝ no Conscience,
156 He makiȝ ech man oþeris foo ;
þer-with he getiȝ his dispence,
þat schulde be freende, to make hem foo.
Praie god, he be þi diffience,
160 þat þou be not founde in þe noumbre of þoo." *Patience warns him against Wrath, who makes friends foes.*

Quod enuie þanne, "y wole þee leere
To make þi lord to þee tame ;
Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,
164 And bringe trewe folk in fals fame.
Make him þi suget, to þee to swere
þat he schal not discure þi name ;
So make him fals witnesse to bere,
168 And gete þee richesse wiȝ god-is grame." *Envy counsels man to whisper evil reports of true men under a promise of secrecy.*

Panne up roos a souereyn uertu
þat is clepid Charite :
"Loke þou not hise maners sue,
172 For god-is enemy soþeli is he.
Do þou to euery man þat is due
As þou woldist he dide to þee."
Quod Couteitise "and alle folk were trewe,
176 Manye a man schulde neuere þee." *Charity says, Envy is God's enemy. 'Do to others as you would they'd do to you.'*
[Page 128.]
Covetousness advises man to

Caste þee faste to Couteitise,
Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis,
And preue þat trewe men be nyce,
180 For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis ; *scheme and cheat,*

and so grow rich.

Such ben worschipid & holden wise,
 þei purchasen hem townes, maners, & pilis,
 And trufe wolde wite where þi lordschip lijs ;
 184 Make heggis bi-twene ȝou, and no stilis."

Bounty in Alm-deeds says, Give to the poor,

and at the Judgment

you'll go to bliss.

Quod largenes in almesse dede,
 " Coueitise councelliþ þee amys.
 ȝeue to þe pore, & þou schalt spedre
 188 þe bettir, þe gospel seiþ þis ;
 For at þe doome þere þou schalt drede,
 Crist wole reherse of þee y-wys
 þe werkis of merci, as clerkis reede :
 192 If þou hast doon hem, þou goost to blis."

Gluttony says, Love your belly,

eat and drink ;

fornicate, and never fast.

[Page 129.]

" **M**an, loue þi wombe," quod Gloteny,
 " Leie mete upon meete, & ete faste ;
 But leue not þi crummes drye,
 196 Drinkne þou til þe ful flood be paste.
 Leue clennesse, & use harlotrie,
 But neuere a day loke þou ne faste ;
 In þi wombe make þi tresorie,
 200 Of þeeuis þanne þou schalt not be agast."

Moderation says, Gluttony makes

men beasts, and

drunkenness blinds their souls.

Quod Mesure, " man ! haue me in mynde.
 God made man suget to resoun :
 Wat turneþ a man to beestis kinde
 204 But etynge & drynking out of sesoun ?
 Drunkelew folk ben goostli blinde ;
 For faute of witt her lijf is gesoun ;
 In ydil oopis wasten þei her wynde :
 208 To repreue suche, god fyndiþ enchesoun."

Sloth says, Never go to church, don't mind good advice,

Quod Slouȝe, " bisynesse y þee forbede ;
 To chirche neiþer goo ne renne ;
 Who techiþ þee good, take noon hede,
 212 Aȝens oo worde ȝeue him ten :

Seie 'alle folk ben not sotil in dede ;'

Excuse þee so bi oþer men,
And ȝeue hem myche maugre to mede

excuse yourself
by others'
example.

216 þat ony good þee wolde kenne."

Quod Besinesse, "man ! of Slouþe be waare ;
He is assigned to helle for synne ;

In good lyuynge þi wittis ware,

Business warns
man against
Sloth.

220 To dredre god þou muste bigynne ;
þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,

Fear God, and
deny your lusts.

For viciis and vertues wole voide atwynne ;
In businessis hous is good weelfare,

[Page 130.]

224 And Slouþe haþ hunger and cloþis þinne."

Business brings
welfare.

Quod lechcherie to man, "loue þanne weel me,
þi lustis with wommen þou fulfill,

Lechery says :
Satisfy your lust
with women ;

For if þou in ȝouþe sparist þanne þee,
228 þou maist falle in greet perille.

youth will begay.

ȝouþe ful of corage wole be ;
þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille ;

Spare no woman.

Spare no womman, y councelle þe,
232 þouȝ summe cryen neuere so schille."

Quod Chastite to man, "loo,
Herken how lechcherie doþ speke !

Chastity warns
man that Lust
when gratified
will threaten him
with

Whanne þou þi foule luste hast doo,
236 Bi waare him þanne ! he wole þee þrete,

torments, and
he'll fall into
despair.

And seie 'for þou hast so doo
þou must suffre peynes greete ;'

And but if god help þee þo,

240 Soone in wanhope he wole þee lette.

Quod þe good aungil, "ȝit þee advise ;
Lerne witte while þou art heere ;

The Good Angel
tells man to
consider,
and not be a fool,

244 He is a foole þat may be wise,
In heuene comeþ no foolis to ȝeere,

[Page 131.]

as God refuses
reckless fools.

God dooþ richelees foolis refuse
þat kunnen no good, ne noon wole lere ;
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,
248 þat makiþ hem worse þan þei were."

At *thirty* years
old, man boasts
of his powers.

"**I**N þritti zeer now y abide ;
In discrecioun I haue in-siȝt,
Loueli to goo, and to ride,
252 Ful of manhode & of myȝt."
Quod Conscience, "vertues pou puttist aside,
And norischist vicis day & nyȝt."
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience dooþ chide !
256 For losse of catel he dar not fiȝt."

and shows him
the cost of Pride,

(as against
Meekness),

of Lechery,
Gluttony,

"**M**an, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,
"To maynteine pride, it costiþ greete ;"
It costiþ nouȝt, meekenesse ne pacience,
260 But it axiþ greet coost to chide & to beete.
Leccherie axiþ greet dispense,
It distroieþ mannis kindeli heete ;
And glotenie coostiþ wiþouten diffence
264 Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

Envy,

[Page 182.]

IT costiþ greet to use a synne
þat is clepid foule Enuye,
For it fretiþ man with-inne ;
268 Bodi & soule it dooþ distroie.

Sloth,

Covetousness, and
Avarice.

Slouȝis þrifte, it is ful þinne,
It costiþ myche in slouȝe to lie ;
And Coueitise al þe world wolde wynne,
272 And Auarise aftir more doith crie."

*Man justifies
himself.
Youth must do
folly, or Age
would have no
wisdom.*

Quod man to Conscience, "þouȝe axiþ delice ;
For ȝouȝe þe course of kinde wole holdre ;
But ȝouȝe were a foole and nyce,
276 How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

þe corage of ȝouȝe, and oolde wise,
 Makip ȝonge men to be boolde ;
 In witt of oolde, worschipe lijs ;
 280 In þe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

Pou wastist þi wynde & spillist þi speche,
 þi wordis me is looþ to heere ;
 And y dide as þou doist me teche,
 284 I schulde neuere make myrie chere.
 Wenest þou with þin hond heuene to reche ?
 þin arme wole not be so longe to zeere ;
 Now, good Conscience, & þou wolt preche,
 288 Goo stèle an abite, & bicombe a frere."

'I hate to hear
you, Conscience,
trying to stop my
merry-making.'

If you *will* preach,
steal a cowl and
be a friar.

Quod man, y pleie, y wrastile, y spryngē,
 þese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro ;
 Now alle gamys hom y bryngē ;
 292 What such as y am, þer ben no moo :
 I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,
 I am so myrie y can not seie hoo."
 Quod Conscience, " þou schalt weape & wringe
 296 Whanne þei take her leue to goo."

[Page 133.]
I play and wrestle,

dance and sing,
and never cry
Halt !'
Conscience.
" You'll weep
when that's
over."

Myn iȝen ben cleere & briȝt as glas,
 Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,
 Of schappe & strengþe alle folke y passe,
 300 And euere my uertu wexiþ newe."
 Quod Conscience, " y loue þee weel þe lasse,
 þou usist no werkis of good vertu."
 " Goo, Conscience, þou lewidē asse,
 304 I kepe not þi maneris to sue."

Man.
" My eyes are
bright, and I'm

stronger than any
other man."

Conscience.
" You do no good
works."
Man.
" Conscience,
you're an ignorant
ass."

Quod man, " Myne age is fourti zeere."
 Quod þe world, " y offre to þee my weeke."
 Quod strengþe, " late no man be þi peere."
 308 Quod corage, " late no man with þee deele."

At *forty* years
old, man is ad-
vised by the
World,
Strength,
Courage,

[Page 134.]

Lust,
Health,

Conscience,

312 Quod luste and liking, "make good cheere."
 "I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heele.
 Quod Conscience, "wistist þou what þese were ?
 At nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

and Truth.
Got riches in'
youth that shall
do for age.

316 Quod Conscience to man in ȝouþe,
 "Traueile in troupe in tyme is beste."
 Quod trouþe, "gete þee richesse nouþe
 Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste ;
 þouȝ age can as he cowthe,
 Myȝt & corage he haþ looste,
 He kepiþ his soule þat kepiþ his mouþe,
 For þe soule to þe fleisch is but a goost."

At fifty years old,

Conscience tells
man to do good
works.

320 "Now am I fifti ȝeere y-wis,
 Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."
 Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,
 And use werkis of good vertu,
 Late not þi werkis preue þee nyce,
 Loke þat þou euere be founden trewe."
 "Fare weel Conscience, weelcomme Coueitise !
 324 To be richee now y wole pursue."

**He prefers
covetousness.**

328 Quod Conscience, "þat is idil bisynesse,
 Nedeeles richesse to gadre soo ;
 Ouerhope is þe cause y-wisse,
 332 He weneþ ameende al er he goo."
 Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,
 For þe world wole faile us two."
 Quod Conscience, "chaunge not heuen blis
 336 For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

[Page 135.]

**Conscience dis-
suades him ;**
Overhope makes
him sin ;

Despair helps too.

At sixty years
old, man
laments his evil
doings.

340 "IN sixti ȝeere myn age is piȝte,
 Myn iȝen daswen, myn heer is hoore ;
 In my werkis y haue febil in-siȝte,
 I fynde no vertu in my stoore."

How schal y reckene with god almyȝt?
I am aschamed wondir soore."

How shall he
reckon with God?

344 Quod Conscience, "certis it were riȝt
To be holi now or neuere mocre."

"Be holy now or
never."

Quod ȝouth to age, "what doist þou nowþe?
Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste;
þe sunne is past fer bi þe sowthe,

Youth taunts the
old man: he is
past and gone.

348 And hiȝeth swiȝe in to þe weste."
Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝouȝþe
And al þe tyme myne eruest leste,
Wiȝ sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouȝþe
352 To god ȝit haue y kepte þe beste."

[Page 136.]
The old man

repents and will
serve God.

"Age, calle aȝen ȝistiday to-morowe;
And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."

Youth mocks him
again.

356 Quod man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,
þou techist me good þat y neuere knewe;
I wole biȝinke me on my werkis biforn,
Do almes dede, prarie, & rewe,
And goddis mercy schal ynnre my corn,
360 And fede me wiȝ þat y neuere sewe.

The old man
learns from the
scorn,

will pray and
sorrow, and God
will ſe his corn.

IN ȝouȝþe whanne y was wilde & stronge,
þe fals world fair dide me wowe,
Me þouȝt ech worde a myrie songe,

'When young,
the false world
woosed me,

364 Wiȝ pipis, and dauncis, & mirþis y-nowe.
Now seiȝ he, he loued me to longe,
For myn heer bigynneȝ to blowe;
To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,
368 þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."

but in age has
left me.

Have mercy on
me, Lord.

"Pe candel of liȝf þi soule dide tende:
To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.

[Page 137.]
My candle of life
I let winds of
wickedness waste;

372 Miche of my candel in waaste y spende,
Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it away;

I can scarcely hold its end.

Vnneþe y holde my candelis eende,
It is past euensonge of my day ;
To reepe myn heruest, whidir mai y windē ?
376 Mi londis of vertues liggen al lay.

I lived in the Devil's service, with late suppers and late rising.

Now the wise reprove me, and

former friends hate me.

I wonder why the world was made.

I have no rest,

[Page 138.]

and see nothing but battle and dread.

The world has forsaken me ;

my sins accuse me

fiends threaten me ;

Death shakes his spear at me.

I am like a stag at bay.

380

¶ Whanne þouþe was maistir, y was page,
We lyueden myche in þe feendis seruice,
Wiþ rere souperis and wickid outrage,
Ligge longe in bed, looþe to arise.
Now haue y nouȝt but wisschis to wage,
And myche repreef amongo þe wijse ;
þei þat loueden me in þouþe, hatiden me in age,
384 And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

388

Now haue y greet meruaille
þe world to man whi it was wrouȝte ;
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,
I haue no reste for chaunge of þouȝte.
Whanne y schulde reste y haue greet merueile ;
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouȝte,
I se but drede and greet bataile
392 Al mannys lijfe, and it be souȝte.

396

Thus þe fals world haþ forsaken me ;
For waste of hise goodis he accusiþ me ;
þe synnes þat y loued, now haten me,
To Conscience þei adwiten me ;
Feendis þreten faste to take me,
And steren helle houndis to bite me ;
Deeþ seiþ, my breed he haþ baken me ;
400 Now schakeþ he his spere to smite me.

404

þus y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,
I not whidir y may me turne,
Myne enemyes myȝtili me assay,
I waxe feble and vnourne ;

To flee to god is my beste way,
 þere schal y in no poynt spurne ;
 Lord ! now socour me þat beste may,
 408 In þin herte blood, þat holi bourne."

I will flee to God.

Lord, help me !

Quod ȝouþe to age, " y þee forsake,
 þi frendis deien, þi strengþe dooþ faile,
 þi siȝte and heeryng bigynneþ to slake,
 412 þee neediþ helþe and good counsaile ;
 God-is seruauntis in areest haþ þee take
 Til deeþ on þee haue doon bataile ;
 þi reckenyng bi tyme bisili þou make,
 416 Or þe deuel bringe þe countirtaile."

[Page 139.]
 Youth taunts Age
 with his failing
 strength.

þouȝ deeþ be eende of worldlis woo,
 þanne deeþ is euere mannys freende ;
 thouȝ soulis in helle be pcnischid soo,
 420 Deeþ comeþ not þere to make noon eende ;
 Deeþ makiþ soulis to heuen to goo,
 But in to heuen deeþ may not wende,
 For deeþ is flemyd heuene froo,
 424 Deeþ is sugett to god to bende.

and Death's ad-
 vance on him.
 He must make up
 his accounts
 quickly.

To some Death
 here is a friend,

but not to any in
 hell.

It sends some to
 heaven, and there
 troubles them not.

"Now y am sixti ȝeere and ten,
 ȝonge folke Y fynde my foo,
 Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,
 428 þei pinken in her weie Y goo ;
 And whanne y mete with olde men,
 I pleyne ' þis world is chaungid soo ;'
 Noon oþer bote is but seelde when
 432 Ech man telliþ oþir his woo."

At *seventy* years
 old, the man feels
 in the way of
 young folk ;

[Page 140.]
 his only comfort
 is in complaints,
 and telling other
 old men his
 troubles.

Quod ȝouþe to age, " y þee a-peele
 And þat bifore oure god y-wis ;
 I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,—
 436 þese percellis ben of heuen blis,—

Youth accuses
 him of

wasting his
 strength

and wealth

Corage, liȝtnesse, frendis, & weeble ;

Alle ȝese þou hast wastide amys

in folly,

From wijsdom in-to folies feele :

440 God wole haue rekenyng of al þis.

his sight in vain-glory, his mouth in oaths and gluttony,

þine heerynge and þin iȝe siȝte

þat þou hast wastide in veynglory ;

þi mouȝe to wronge aȝen riȝte,

444 In fals ooþis and foul gloteny ;

þin hondis to robbe and to fiȝte ;

þi strengþe þou wastidist in tyrauntry ;

his hands in robbery,

þi feet in derknesse ȝute of liȝte,

his beauty in lechery.

þi bewte þou wastidist in lechery."

[Page 141.]
The old man confesses his shortcomings,

Quod man, "y was gouerned Bitwene two þeuis,

þei stale on me: Y was stalworþe & white ;

Whanne my leepis weren brouȝt to preuis,

452 I wondre on my silf Y was so liȝte.

ȝouȝþe staale from me ; þat soore me greuis ;

Age steeleþ on me boþe day and nyȝte ;

regrets his loss

Mi ȝouȝþe, my vertu, al from me meuis ;

456 Now wondre y on my silf where is my myȝto.

and complains how youth, with all its glory, has stolen from him, and age, with all its defects, has stolen upon him.

¶ ȝouȝþe staale from me, Y was stalworþe & liȝte ;

And age steeleþ on me Filþis to weelde ;

ȝouȝþe steeliþ from me, Y ȝeede up riȝte ;

460 Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and ȝeelde ;

ȝouȝþe haþ stolen from me My leepis liȝte ;

Age steeliþ on me, Y wexe on-myldre ;

ȝouȝþe steeleþ my corage To pleie & fiȝte,

464 Age is so on me stoolen þat y mote to god me ȝilde.

At eighty years old

"Now y am euene of ȝeiris fore scoure,

So manye wyntir Y am oolde ;

þere y was wonte To leepe bifore,

468 Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde :

My backe bowip, myn iȝen ben soore,
 Myn hoote blood is kelid coolde :
 Alas ! Conscience ! to litil y toke þi loore,
 472 þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde."

[Page 142.]
 his back is bent,
 his hot blood
 cold.
 Ah, Conscience !
 I did not listen
 to you.

Quod Conscience, "where haddist þou þat speche ?
 þi liȝte leepis foonde to preue ;
 þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,
 476 To litil myȝte is in þi sleue.
 In yougþe whanne y dide þee teche,
 Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue ;
 I þanke god of þi good leeche."
 480 "ȝe, Conscience, now to þi wordis y leeue."

Conscience
 wonders at the
 man's repentance,

but thanks God
 for it.

"Now foure score ȝeiris is past,
 Mi liȝf is but trauueil & woo,
 Fer in to rereage y am cast,
 484 Into ten ȝeir and moo.
 My lymes foulden þat weren fast,
 Wiþ staffe in honde now y goo ;
 My redy speche may not last,
 488 So my teeþ ben fallen me fro.

At ninety years
 old man's life is
 but woe,

he walks with a
 staff,
 his teeth fall out,

Ful of fleissche Y was to fele,
 Now may I neijer stonde ne goon ;
 It haþ now lefte me euery dele,
 492 Me is lefte But skyn & boon.
 Now y am vndre Fortunes wheli,
 My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon,
 And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,
 496 Now wote y weel þei been my foon."

[Page 143.]
 his flesh is gone,

he is but skin and
 bone,
 forsaken by his
 friends,
 and his sins his
 foes.

Quod course of kinde, "What helpip, y wende,
 þi wissching And þin hadde-y-wist ?
 What maist þou On þo wordis spende,
 500 It is ful febil In þi fist.

Course of Nature
 asks the good of
 his vain regrets.

All men expect
his death, and
none will regret
him ; he cumbers
all.

Now alle men waiten aftir þin eende ;
 þouȝ þou deye, þou schalt not be myste ;
 þou combrest boþe foo & frende,
 504 þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."

These mortal
sins must quit the
aged :

Pride,

Pre deedli synnes maden her moone,
 " We forsaken man in age."
 Quod Pride, " y am from him goon,
 508 For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."
 Quod leccherie, " He loueþ to lie a-loone ;
 þouȝ he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."
 Quod Glotonie, " he is but felle & boone,
 512 He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."

Two think him
no good,
Envie and
Wrath.

Quod Envie, " age hath no myȝte
 Ne richesse, lenger me to fynde."
 Quod wraþþe, " age may not fiȝte
 516 þouȝ he be angri, bi course of kynde."
 Quod Slouȝe, " age my chaumbre haþ diȝte,
 And calleþ me ease in his mynde."
 Quod Coueitise, " age haþ me hiȝte ;
 520 Suget to me he dooþ him binde."

Overhope, or vain
Confidence that
they will ever do
well, is the cause
of men's waste
and sin.
Then comes
Sickness.

" **I** knowe," quod ouerhope, " fleissch is freele,
 Of oolde and ȝonge, of man, of childe ;
 In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,
 524 And in diuerse werkis ful wylde ;
 þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,
 From age & sijknesse þei weneþ hem schilde,
 þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."
 Quod wanhope " þan y make him mylde ;

Then Wanhope or
Despair,

[Page 145.]
and bids them
hoard.

Overhope still
lures them on ;

I bidde him horde, and richesse sauе,
 For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,
 Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"
 532 Quod ouerhope, " þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,

'þou schalt lyue, and þi silf it haue.' "

"ȝhe," seiþ wanhope, "kepe it straite,
Of good hope no councell þou craue

536 Til deeþ þee caste with a trippe of dissaite."

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde :
To telle it þee y wole bigynne,
'If a man in synne be sadde

540 Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,
Of such a man god is moore gladde
þan of a childe þat neuere dide synne."

Quod Conscience, "he wolde make þe madde

544 To repente þee not, ne neuere blynne."

Quod Conscience to wanhope, "I-wys
þou liest, y hate þe þerfore ;
I knowe þe gospel, it seiþ þis,

548 'If a man haue synned longe bifore,
And axe mercy *And* a-mende his mys,
Repente, and wilne to synne no more,
Of þat man god gladder is
þan of a child synlees y-bore.'

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde ;
What it meneþ y can expownde,
Ech man schal haue peine or mæde,

556 In þouȝte or dede as he is founde ;
He haþ not ȝit repentid his dede,
He siȝkeþ for synnes ben not vnbounde ;
þouȝ mercy come, he schal not spedie,
560 For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."

Quod Conscience, "þou dotid hoore !
God-is mercy þou woldist distroie ;
þou wenest þi wickidnesse were moore

564 þan god-is goodnesse & his mercie.

Despair mocks them,

and tells them the Gospel; if they

will plunge daily into sin, God will be more pleased than if they never sinned.

Conscience

reproves Despair,

and repeats the true Gospel, that of a repentant

sinner God is gladder than of [Page 146.] one who never sinned.

Despair urges the Gospel that men suffer as they

are found, and as the old man has not yet repented, he

cannot get mercy.

Conscience says, 'Doted whore,

God's mercy

is enough for a thousand worlds if they ask it.'

The Old Man calls on the Virtues to befriend

him in his need.

[Page 147.]

Recklessness offers instead, the crew of Sins that he loved.

At a hundred years old man carries his bier on his back, all his friends wish him dead.

He may stretch out his neck for Death's sword;

he is full of sin;
he must go to wreck
unless God have mercy.

The World reproves him,

Overhope and Despair tempt him,

For if a man be woundid soore,

And axe no medicine, him liste te deie;

God haþ mercies y-now in stoore

568 For a pouſand worldis þat mercie wole crie."

"**M**ekenes, Pacience, and Charitee,

þe þat weren my frendis dere,

Mesure, Bisinesse, and Chastitee,

572 At þis mystire comeþ me neere."

Quod Conscience, "þou flemed us from þee;

þou woldist not oure loore leere."

Quod richelees, "loo, heere my meynee!"

576 þe synnes þat þou louedist & seruedist, lo hem here!"

"**M**yne age is now an hundrid ȝeere;

Litil y drinke, and lesse y ete,

On my backe I bere my beere,

580 And alle my frendis me forȝete,

Fayn þei wolde þat y deed were,

Wiþ soreful wordis þei doon me þretee,

And seyn, 'for y am so longe heere,

584 Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete.'

Now mote y leie forþ my ncke,

For deeþ his swerd out haþ laȝte;

But I deliuere weel þis checke,

588 I leese my game at þis draȝte.

Ful of synne is my secke;

To þe preest y wole schewe þat frauȝte,

Mi schip is chargid, al gooþ to wrecke

592 But if god of merci be wiþ me sauȝte."

This worlde haþ me in awaite,

And biddiþ me quite þat is past;

My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,

596 And into wanhope it wolde me caste.

Helle houndis berken and baite,
þe feendis writip my synnes faste,
And deeþ me waitip with a trippe of dissaite ;

600 These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 148.]
Hell-hounds bark
for him, the Fiends
and Death watch
for him.

Panne comeþ forþ good hope :
To sauе man he wolde fonde ;
"þou wronge weuere ouerhope !

604 I make him free, þou woldist make him bonde ;
I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,
Wile good feiþ wole with me stoonde ;

608 Hooli writte seiþ, 'in god y hoope,
His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde."

But *Good Hope*
will save the old
man,

if *Good Faith* will
help.

Quod good feiþ, "for þe litil while
þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,
I wole þee kepe from al perile,
And make pees bitwene god & þee ;

612 And ouerhope, for al his gile,
From þin herte y schal do him flee ;
And wanhope also y wole exile,
For he is not of oure fraternitee."

Good Faith will
make his peace
with God,

and drive out

Overhope and
Despair.

Quod þe worlde, Y wole hise dettis quyte,
And oute of his daunger me hyȝe ;
þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,
From his lustis y wole him tye ;

620 I wole waissche aȝ Wey þat feendis write
With sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,
But with deeþ y wole not dispute,
But make me cleene, and leerne to deie.

Man says he will
give up his fleshly

[1 Page 149.]
lusts, will sorrow
and weep,

and learn to die.

God ! sowe þi merci amonge my seede,
þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,
And Repentance my corne schal weedie,
628 And make good pees þere was hate.

May God sow
His mercy in
him,
and Repentance
will weed his
corn.

Then the works
of Mercy will let
him in at heaven's
gate.

Reader, you have
heard of Youth
and Age, Virtue
and Vice, Good
Angel and Bad.

Look in this
Mirror; take
your choice, for
Heaven or Hell.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil tempt us.

[Page 150.]
Let us pray to
God.

that after death
we may see His
fair face.

Dear friends, who
read this, pray
for the Writer's
soul to Mary,
Mother,

to pity it if
Christ will.
Amen.

þe comaundementis þat god bede,
þat is þe locke of heuen ȝate ;
Senene werkis of mercy, and þe crede,
þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

632

Now haue ȝe herde of ȝouþis delice ;
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo ;
Knowing of uertu & of vice ;
Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo ;
And vndirstondinge to be wijs.

636

Now in þis mirrour loke ȝou soo ;
In ȝoure free wille þe choice lijs,
To heuen or helle whiþir ȝe wille goo.

640

The worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,
In temptacioun doiþ us chase ;
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,
And waissche us at þe welle of grace.
Praie we to god graunte us good eende,
And in heuen to haue a place,
þat after oure deef we mowen þidir wende,
And in perfiȝt loue se his fair face.

644

Now, leeue frendis, greete and smale,
þat haue herde þis trete,
Praie for þe soule þat wroot þis tale
A Pater noster, & an aue
To marie modir, maiden free,
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,
On þat soule haue pitee
If þe wille be of crist ihesus. amen.

648

652

656

[*Stans Puer*, printed in *Babees Boke*, &c., p. 27, follows here.]

God send us Paciens in oure Oolde
Age!

[Pages 113—17, written without breaks.]

From þe tyme þat we were born
oure ȝouþe passiþ from day to day,
And age encreesiþ moore & moore,
4 & so doiþ it now, þe sothe to say :
At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,
So fast gooþ oure ȝouþe away,
And ȝouþe wole come aȝen no moore,
8 But age wole make us boþe blak & gray.
þerfore take hede boþe nyȝt & day
How fast ȝouþe ȝouþe dooþ asswage ;
And boþe ȝonge & oolde, lete us praie
12 þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.

TAge wole take from us oure myȝt
þat in oure ȝouþe to us was lent ;
And also þe cleernesse of oure syght
16 And oure heerynge schal be faynt.
ȝanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were liȝt,
Because ȝouþe is from us went,
And ȝanne wole men do us no riȝt,
20 But al contrarie to oure entent,
And sikenes wole do us greet turment
Whom deeþ wole sende on his message ;
Forsoþe þe best ameendement
24 is ȝanne pacience in oure olde age.

Our youth passes away from day to day,
and will come back no more.

Take heed, then,
and pray God for patience in old age.

Age will take from us ;
our clear sight, hearing,
and lightness.

Sickness will torment us.

[Page 114.]

Our bones will
ache,

our head shake,

our nose turn
black,

our tongue lose
its fair speech.

Our friends will
hate us;

we shall say, 'Oh,
if I had but
known ;'
no kiss will
greet us

and no joy
gladden us.

[1 Page 115.]
God send us
patience in our
old age !

Some will scorn
us, others think
we live too long;

our stomachs will
take no food;

we shall sing of
sorrow and care.

Oure body wole icche, oure bonis wole ake,
oure owne fleisch wole ben oure foo ;

Oure heed, oure hondis, þo wolen schake,

28 And oure leggis wole tremble where we go ;

Oure bonis wole drie as dooþ a stake,

And in oure bodi we schulen be woo,

Oure nose, oure chekis, wolen wexe al blake,

32 & oure glad chere wole fade us fro ;

And whanne oure teefþ ben goon also,

Oure tunge schal lese his fair langage :

Praie we for us silf & oþer moo

36 þat god sende us paciens in oure olde age !

Oure freendis þat schulden loue us best,
þanne wole þei hause us but in hate,

In freendschip is þer noon oþer trust,

40 & þerof be we waare to late.

þan may we syng of had y wist,

Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,

And also we schulen go vnkist

44 boþe at þe dore & at þe gate ;

And for al þe cheer þat we can make,

þan is 1 no ioie of oure visage :

Whanne oure bewte schal aslake,

48 god send us paciens in oure olde age !

¶ we schulen be so angri euermore,

we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong,

þanne summe wolen scorne us þerfore,

52 & summe wole scie we lyue to long ;

Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore

Oure stomak wole no mete fonge ;

& eueri day more & more

56 Of sorewe & care schal be oure song.

whanne we were boþe hool & strong

we were to wie[ll]de, & wold out rage,

And perfore lete us praie among
 60 þat god send us paciens in oure olde age.

¶ For þan wole no þing us availe
 but oure bedis and oure crucche,
 for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,

64 And perfore truste we it not to myche ;
 & þan wole sijknes us assaile
 Til it haþ made us lijk a wrecche,
 & þan may we do no greet trauile

68 But 'summtyme grone, & sumtyme grucche,
 And sumtyme clawe for scabbe & icche
 Whanne age haþ us at his auantage :
 Who-so lyueþ long schal be such ;

72 God sende us paciens in oure olde age !

¶ Al þat we haue lyued heere,
 It is but as a dreem y-met,
 For now it is as it neuere were,

76 And so is it þat is to comyng zit.
 Ful fast we drawen to oure beere,
 In sorewe & drede we schulen be sett.
 Of oolde men þe zonge may lere,

80 And fewe þer ben þat doon þebett ;
 For þe feend haþ cauȝt hem in his nett,
 And holdiþ hem fast in bondage
 For þei schulden not dispose her witt

84 To haue pacience in her oolde age.

¶ þanne schulen we se þat worldli blis
 Is but a þing of vanite,
 And it makiþ men to do amys

88 þat ben in weelþe & greet bewte ;
 And þeþor, lord, good riȝt it is
 With oure owne staf chastisid to be :
 Lord ! ȝeue us grace to þinke on þis,

92 As þou bouȝt us alle upon a tree,

Let us pray
 God to send us
 Patience in our
 old age.

Nought but
 prayers and a
 crutch will then
 avail us,

for sickness will
 assault us,

[1 Page 116.]
 and we shall
 groan and get the
 itch.

May God send us
 Patience then !

Our time on earth
 is but as a dream ;

we draw towards
 our death.

Let the young
 learn from the
 old, for the devil
 keeps them

from having
 Patience in their
 old age.

Then worldly
 bliss will seem
 vain.

It is right that we
 be chastised with
 our own staff.
 Christ, let us think
 on this,

[Page 117.]

and pass over
death to ever-
lasting bliss.

And þat we may in charite .

Weel passe ouer þis passage

In-to þe blis þat euere schal be,

96 Whanne we ben passid oure oolde age.

[“Bothe ȝonge & olde,” or “Se what oure lord suffride for
oure sake,” printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

This Worlde is but a Vanyte.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430, A.D., page 58 ;
written without breaks.*]

AS Y Gan wandre in my walkinge

Bisidis an holt vndir an hille,

Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge :

4 *With sizynge sore he seide me tille,*

¶ “Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,

With ricchesse & with rialte,

And now it is turned al to ille ;

8 *þe worlde is but a vanyte.*

In my walk

I saw an old man
sighing, and he
said, “Once I
had all the world
at my will, but
now it's all
turned to ill.”

My silf I likne vnto þe morewe :

Whanne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,

Mi modir for me suffride sorewe

12 *With gruntyngis gril & sizinge sare ;*

¶ On me was neiper wem ne hore ;

But siben in synne y haue be ;

Now y am oolde y wepe þefore ;

16 *þis world is but a vanyte.*

I am like the
Morning. At my
birth my Mother
groaned with
pain.

I was spotless,

but now am
sinful.

At mydmore y lerned to go,

And plaied as children doon in 'strete ;

þe kinde of childhode y dide also,

20 *Wiþ my felawis to fiȝte and þrete.*

¶ Al þat y dide, it þouȝte me swete,

For al þis childhode tauȝte me ;

Now y am oolde, þefore y wepe ;

24 *þis worlde is but a vanite.*

At Mid-morn I
played,

[*1 Page 59.*]

and like a boy
fought.

All I did, seemed
sweet: but now I
weep for it.
This world is but
vanity.

At Undern
9 A.M.) I was put
to school,

and cursed my
master when he
beat me.

I cared only for
joy and jollity,

alas!

At Mid-day I was
knighted,

and none durst
stand my charge.

Where is now my
bravery? Not to
be hidden from
death.

At High Noon I
was crowned
King, and fulfil-
led all my lusts.
[1 Page 60.]

Now age has
crept on me.

This world is but
vanity.

At Mid-afternoon
my pleasures
passed away.

Man's life here is
but a day com-
pared to everlast-
ing life.

At vndren to scole y was sett
To lerne lore, as oþir doþ;
Whanne my maistir wolde me bet,
I wolde him curse, y was ful wroþ.
¶ To lerne good y was ful looþ,
I þouȝte on ioie & ioilite;
Now certis, for to seie þe sooþ,
þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydday y was dubbid knyȝt,
In route y lerned for to ryde;
Was þer noon so hardi a wiȝt
þat in bataile durste me abide.
¶ Where is bicome now al my pride,
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte?
Now from deeþ may y me not hide;
þis world is but a vanyte.

At hiȝ noon y was crowned king,
þis world was oonli at my wille;
Euere to ȝlyue was my liking,
And alle my lustis to fulfille.
¶ Now age is cropen on me ful stille,
And makiþ me oold & blac of ble,
And y go downeward wiþ þe hille;
þis World is but a vanite.

At mydouernoon y droupid faste,
Mi lust & liking wente away;
From iolite myn hert is paste,
From rialte & riche aray.
¶ Mannis liȝf here is but a day
Aȝens þe liȝf þat euere schal be;
And oo þing y dare weel say,
þat þis world is but a vanyte.

At euensong tyme y wax ful coold,

And bigan to go bi staue ;

Now is deeþ on me ful boold,

60 *And for his rent he wole me craue.*

¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,

þer is no þing þanne þat saueþ me

But good or yuel þat y do haue ;

64 *þis world is but a vanite.*

At Even Song I
walked with a
staff. Death seeks
me.

Thus is þe day come to nyȝt,

þat me loþith of my lyuynge,

And doolful deeþ to me is diȝt,

68 *And in coold 'clay now schal y clinge."*

¶ þus an oold man y herde mornynge

Biside an holte vndir a tree.

God graunte us his blis euerlastinge !

72 *þis world is but a vanite.*

At Night I loathe
my life. Death
and the Grave
possess me.

[1 Page 61.]

God grant us His
bliss ! for this
world is but
vanity.

["In a noon tijd," or "Reuertere," pp. 91-4 of this volume,
follows here in the MS.]

This World is False and Vain.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, page 32, written without breaks.*]

Why is this world
beloved?

Its power passes
away like a
brittle pot.

It is false in all,
and so unstable,

[¹ Page 33.]

false in its
business and its
pleasures too.

Where is Solo-
mon,

or Samson,

Absalom or
Jonathan,

Cesar

or Dives,

Tully

or Aristotle,

Whi is þis world biloued þat fals is & veyn,
Síþen þat hise welpis ben so unserteyn?

¶ Al so soone hee passiþ his power away
4 As dooþ a brokil poot þat freisch is and gay.
¶ Truste þe raþer to lettis written withinne þis
þan to þis wrecchid world þat ful of synne is.
¶ It is fals in his biheeste, & riȝt disceyuable;
8 It hapþ bigilid many a man, it is so vnstable.
¶ It is rapir¹ to bileeue þe wageringe wijnde
þan þe chaungeable world þat makþ men so
blinde.
¶ For wheþer þou slepe or wake, þou schalt fynde
it fals
12 Bothe in hise bisinessis & in hise lustis als.
¶ Telle me where is Salamon, sumtyme a king
richée,
Or Sampson þe stronge to whom was no man
liche?
¶ Or þe fair man absolon, merueilose in cheere,
16 Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere?
¶ Where is bicome cesar, þat lorde was of al,
Or þe riche man cloþid in purpur & in pal?
¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,
20 Or aristotil þe Filosofre with his witt so grecete?

¶ Where ben þese worþi þat were heere-to-forn ?
Boþe kingis & bischopis, her power is al lorn.
or all former
kings ? All their
power is lost,

¶ Alle þese greeete princis with her power so hiȝe
24 Ben vanischid nowa-way in twynkeling¹ of an yȝe.
all vanished in
the twinkling of
an eye.
[1 Page 34.]

¶ þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste,
And it is likened to a schadewe þat may not longe
leste,
This world's joy
is a passing
shadow,

¶ And ȝit it drawiȝ man from heuen riche blis,
28 And ofte tyme it makiȝ him to synne & do a-mys.
and yet makes
man lose heaven.

¶ Calle no þing þine owne, þerfore, þat þou maist
heere leese ;
For þat þe world haþ lent þee, efte he wole it cese.
Call nothing here
thine own ;

¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what
ioie is þere,
set thy heart on
heaven above.

32 And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.

¶ þou þat art but wormes meete, poudre, & dust,
To enhaunce þi silfe in pride sett not þi lust.
Thou food for
worms, exalt not
thyself in pride ;

¶ For þou woost not to-day þat þou schalt lyue to-
morowe,
thou mayst die
to-morrow.

36 þerfore do þou euere weel, And þanne schalt þou
not sorowe.
Therefore do well.

¶ It were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue,
If so þat lordschip miȝte a man fro ²deep sauе,
Lordship would
be good if it could
save a man,
[2 Page 35.]

¶ But for as myche as a man schal deie at þe laste,
40 It is noo worschip, but a charge, lordschip to
taaste.
but it is no
honour, only a
burden.

Omnia terrena
Per vices sunt aliena :
nescio sunt cuius ;
mea nunc, cras huius et huius.
now mine,
now another's.

44 Dic, homo, quid speres,
si mundo totus adheres ;
nulla tecum feres,
licet tu solus haberes.
What do you hope
for, if you cleave
wholly to this
world ?
You can take
nothing out of it
but yourself.

Earth.

Whanne liif is moost loued, and deeþ is moost hatid :
 þanne dooþ deeþ drawe his drawȝt, and makþ man-
 ful nakid.

De terra plasmasti me, &c.

Man, made of
earth, has only
cared how he may
be set high up on
earth.

Man would be a
king on earth ;
but when earth
[¹ Page 36.]
bids him home,
he shall find it
hard to part.

Man wins on
earth castles, and
says 'It is ours.'

But he shall
suffer sharply for
it.

Man goes on earth
glittering in gold,
and yet he shall
return to earth
before he likes.

Wretched man,
who toilest

ERþe out of erþe is wondirly wrouȝt,
 Erþe of erþe haþ gete a dignyte of nouȝt,
 Erþe upon erþe haþ sett al his þouȝt,
 4 How þat erþe upon erþe may be hiȝ brouȝt.

¶ Erþe upon erþe wold be a king ;
 But how erþe schal to erþe, þenkiþ he no ¹ þing ;
 Whanne þat erþe biddiþ erþe hise rentis hom
 bring,
 8 þan schal erþe out of erþe hauē a piteous parting.

¶ Erþe vpon erþe wynneþ castels & touris,
 þan seiþ erþe to erþe 'now is þis al houris :'
 Whazne erþe upon erþe haþ biggid up hise
 boure[s],
 12 þanne schal erþe upon erþe suffir scharpe schouris.

¶ Erþe gooþ vpon erþe as molde upon molde,
 So gooþ erþe upon erþe al gliteringe in golde,
 Like as erþe vnto erþe neuere go schulde ;
 16 And ȝit schal erþe vn-to erþe rafþer þan he wolde.

¶ O þou wrecchid erþe þat on erþe traueilist nyȝt
 and day

To florische þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe with wan- to adorn thee with
towne aray ; fine raiment,

3it schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it yet shalt thou
neuere so queynte & gay,

20 Out of þis erþe into þe erþe, þere to clinge as a return to earth
clot of clay. like a clod.

¶ O wrecchid man, whi art þou proud þat art of [1 Page 87.]
þe erþe makid ? Why art thou
proud who art
made of earth ?

Hider brouȝtist þou no schroud, But poore come
þou, and nakid ; Thou camest to
earth naked, and

Whanne þi soule is went out, & þi bodi in erþe when thou art
rakid, put in earth, all

24 þan þi bodi þat was rank & Vndeouout, Of alle
men is bihatid. men will hate
thee.

¶ Out of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid thy clothing
garnement ; came from earth

To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to him was to enwrap thy
cloþinge lente ; earth,

Now gooþ erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent, which under the
28 þerfore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose earth shall have
turment. torment.

¶ Whi þat erþe to myche loueþ erþe, wondir me Why earth(man)
þink, loves earth too
much, I wonder,

Or whi þat erþe for superflue erþe to sore sweete
wole or swynk ;

For whanne þat erþe upon erþe is brouȝt with- for when man
inne þe brink, comes to the
grave's brink he
shall have a sad
time of it.

32 þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewful swynk.

¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may Man, thou camest
How erþe comeþ into erþe nakid al way, into earth naked,

¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or [Page 88.]
gay

and shall be so
when thou diest.

Think on this, and
of the judgment
at thy resurrection,

and then never
for this earth
shalt thou dis-
please God.

Pray therefore,

man, to God,
that thou may'st
come to bliss.

Lord, let not man
come to grief for
this earth, but

[¹ Page 38.]
here ever work
thy will, that he
may ascend to
thy high hill.

36 Whazne erþe schal passe out of erþe in so poore
array?

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat he is
upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertile þinke,
And how þe erþe out of þe erthe schal haue his
aȝen-risynge,
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal ȝeilde streite
rekenyng;

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese
heuene king.

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat so wickidli hast
wrouȝt,

While þat þou, erþe, art upon erþe, turne aȝen þi
þouȝt,

And prae to þat god upon erþe þat al þe erþe
haþ wrouȝt,

44 þat þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brouȝt.

¶ O þou lord þat madist þis erþe for þis erþe, &
suffridist heere peynes ille,

Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne
spille,

But þat þis erþe on þis ¹erþe be euere worchinge
þi wille,

48 So þat þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin
hiȝ hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin
stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological
Society, 1862, p. 150-2; and in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Memento homo quod cinis es, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this
Text), follow here in the MS.

Reuertere!

(IN ENGLISCH TUNGE, TURNE A3EN !)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 61, written without breaks.*]

IN a noon tijd of a somers day
þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat tide,

I took myn hauk al for to play,

4 Mi spaynel rennyng bi my side.

¶ A feisaunt hen soone gan y se,
Myn hound put up ful fair to fliȝt,
I sente my faukun, y leet him flee :

8 It was to me a deinteuose sȝzt.

One sunny
summer noon I
took out my hawk
and spaniel.

The dog put up a
hen pheasant,
and I flew my
falcon at her—a
pretty sight.

¶ My faukun fliȝt faste to his pray,
I ran þo with a ful glad chere,
I spurned ful soone on my way,

12 Mi leg was hent al with a brere.

¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me grijf,
And soone it made me to turne aȝe,
For he bare written in euery leef

16 þis word in latyn, reuertere.

I ran on fast,

but a briar
brought me to
grief, and made
me turn back, for
on every leaf it was
written Reuertere.

I knelid & pullid þe brere me fro,
And redde þis word ful hendeli ;
Myn herte fil doun vnto my too

20 þat was woont sitten ful likingly.

¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt fare,
Mi spaynel fil doun to my knee,

I disentangled
myself.

My heart fell to
my toe.
[Page 62.]

I let the hawk and
hen fly,

and sighed over
this *Reuertere*.

It means 'turn
again, or back.'

Turn, then, man
and think of thy
life, open and
hidden.

If thou would'st
go to heaven,
think of 'turn
again.'

I became serious,

and thought how
I had spent my
life.

I found myself
full far from God,

and will repent.

This summer-
noon heat

[Page 63.]

is like

man in youth,
rushing into all
kinds of sin.

Lust blinds many
a man,

and prevents him
thinking of
heaven.

þanne took y me wiþ siȝyngs sare
24 þis new lessoun, reuertere.

Reuertere is as myche to say
In englisch tungē as, turne aȝen :
Turne aȝen, man, y þee pray,
28 And þinke hertili what þou hast ben ;
¶ Of þi liuyngs be-þinke þee rijfe,
In open & in priuite.
þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf,
32 Take to þi mynde reuertere.

Pis word made me to studie sore,
And binam mo al my list ;
How y hadde ledde my lijf so ȝore,
36 I putt it freischli in-to my brist.
¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet
Al from god in maieste ;
Forsoþe þere schal no þing me leett
40 þat y ne wole syng reuertere.

This noon hete of þe someris day,
Whanne þe sunne moost ¹ hiȝest is,
It may be likened in good fay,
44 For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis ;
¶ For in ȝonge age men wide doon walke
To dyuers synnis in fele degré :
þouȝ a ȝong man make a balke,
48 ȝit take to þi mynde reuertere.

For likinge blindiþ many oon
þat he seeþ not him-silf y-wis,
And makiþ his herte as hard as stoon ;
52 þanne þenkiþ he not on heuen blis ;
¶ For danyel preueþ it weel riȝtfulli,
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worþili ;
 56 For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

þouþe berip þe hauke upon his hond
 Whan ne ioilite forȝetip age :
 This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde,
 60 For it is ȝong & of hiȝ romage.
 ¶ He puttiȝ his hauke fro his fist,
 He þat schulde to god be free ;
 He meltiȝ and wexiȝ a weel poore gist
 64 Whanne 'he comeþ to reuertere.

Youth bears the hawk on his hand.

The hawk is man's heart, and

is flown from the fist, but not to God.

[Page 64.]

For ful of corage is ȝouȝeþe in herte,
 And waitynge euere on his pray,
 He ne sparip ryuer ne þornes smerte
 68 To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.
 ¶ He þat enserchip þe derknes of nyȝt,
 And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,
 He schal know bi cristis myȝt
 72 If ȝouȝe kunne synge reuertere.

Youth watches ever its prey, and

spares no prick of thorn to get its pleasure.

Let the watcher of the night ask whether youth will heed the call 'Turn again.'

This hauk of herte in ȝouȝeþe y-wys,
 Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt hen ;
 þis feisaunt hen is likingnes,
 76 And euere folewiȝ hir þese ȝonge men.
 ¶ þis is likinge in every synne,
 Venial & deedli wheþer it be,
 With greet likinge he wole bigynne,
 80 But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

This hawk, man's heart, pursues ever the hen pheasant Pleasure,

Lust or Desire is the beginning of every sin,

Liking is modir of synnis alle,
 And norischip euery wickid dede,
 In feele myscheues sche makip to falle,
 84 Of al sorowe sche dooþ þe daunce leede.
 ¶ þis herte of ȝouȝeþe is hie¹ of port,
 And wildenes makip him ofte to fle,

their mother, and nourisher,

and of all sorrow leads the dance.

[1 MS. his.]
 [Page 65.]
 Youth, through wildness,

often goes wrong.
Then it should
turn again.

In pleasure,
think that youth
must leave thee.

When age takes
thee, thou wilt
think it best to
turn again.

Holy Writ says
that a request too
long delayed will
be refused.

In youth thou
didst wild out-
rage and forgat-
test Reuertere.

Let every-one
think how short a
time he shall be
here.

[¹ Page 66.]

Cocks crow when
midnight comes.
Man knows not his
time if he cannot
say Reuertere.

Think, then, man,
that there is no
so poor wretch as
thou.

Pray we all to
God to grant ever-
lasting bliss to all
who can say
'Turn again.'

88 And ofte to falle in wickid sort ;
 þanne is it þe beste, reuertere.

But be waer of welþe or þou be woo ;
 In iolite whan þou art piȝt,
 þinke þat ȝonge wole go þe fro,
92 Be þou neuere so greet of miȝt.
 Whanne age haþ take þee bi þe bræst,
 And for febilnes þou myȝt not se,
 þin herte seiþ ȝanne þat it is best
96 For to seie & synge reuertere.

But in holi writh we fynde
 If þou bi lord schulde ouȝt aske a þing,
 For bi longe beinge bihinde,
100 Aȝenseid art þou of þin askinge.
¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,
 Of þin askinge þou were ful free
 In ydilnes & wilde outrage ;
104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

Perfore euery man biþinke him weel
 How litil while is his dwellynge ;
 As holy writh yt dooþ telle,
108 He schal not ¹ knowe with-oute lesinge.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt,
 Which he knowith weel in his degré :
 But his tyme he knowith not arȝt
112 þat can weel neuere seie reuertere.

Therfore be þou in certein, man,
 While þou muste knowe how ;
 Biþinke bi silf how þou art þan ;
116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou !
¶ Perfore praye we to heuene king,
 Euery man in his degré,
 To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge
120 þat þis word weel kan seie, reuertere.

Merci Passith Riztwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 66 to 73 ; written without breaks.*]

BI a forest as y gan walke
With-out a paleys in a leye,
I herde two men togidre talke ;
4 I þouȝte to wite what þei wolde seie.
¶ þat oon stood in a doolful aray,
Hise deedli synnis he gan to defie,
“ Alas,” he seide, me dredip to-day
8 þat riȝt wole forþ, & no mercye.”

¶ þanne answeride merci with sobir 'cheer,
“ Man, me þinkip þi witt is bare ;
If þou wolt, y schal þee leer,
12 þee needip not to moorne so sare.
¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare ;
Go euery day & heere a messe,
And schryue þee cleene, & haue noo care,
16 For mercy passip riȝtwisnes.”

¶ þanne seide þe synner with angri mood,
“ Man, me þenkist² þou docst rauie ;
I woot weel þou canst no good,
20 þou barist neuere staat but as a knawe.

As I walked I
heard two men
talking.

One was very sad,
fearing that Right
would be done,
without Mercy.

[1 Page 67]
But Mercy said,
Man, you

need not mourn.

Amend your
ways, hear Mass
daily, be shriven,
and fear not,
Mercy passeþ
Righteousness.

The Sinner
answered, Thou
ravest :
[²for þenkip]

as I deserve, so
shall I have ;

Right, not Mercy.

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue ;
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie ;
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,
But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Mercy.
If thou wilt give
up thy sin,

love God and
repent,
[1 Page 68.]
He is over the
law :
His Mercy ex-
ceeds His Justice.

24

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,
" If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,
To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.
¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,
Repente þee blyue of ¹ al þi mys ;
Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,
His merci passiþ his riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
[2 or founer.]

I never willingly
did a good deed ;

I deserve hell ;

my wicked deeds
will kill me.
Right, and no
Mercy, on me.

32

¶ Seie me," quod þe synner, " þou foounued ² clerk.
þou coudist neuere rede in no spel ;
I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk ;
What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle ?
¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,
And þerfore ofte sore sike y ;
My wickid dedis wole me quelle,
þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercye."

Mercy.

God shed His
blood for thee and
me,

and bought us
with his flesh.

Thy soul is His.
He will have
mercy.

44

¶ Merci seide " þou canst no good ;
God schewiþ þee kyndenes many foolde,
For þee & me he schedde his blood,
And suffrider woundis bittir & colde.
¶ His fair body to þe iewis was soldie
To bie oure synful soulis to blis ;
þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde ;
His merci passiþ his ryȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

I know God is
good and true,
and loves Truth.

48

¶ " Forsoþe," quod þe synner, " þat leue y weel,
þat he is boþe good & kynde,
And þerto trewer þan ony steel ;
þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

¶ How myȝt god me of care vnbinde
 Siȝen god loueȝ trouȝe so verrili ?
 Do way, mercy, þou spillist myche winde,
 56 For riȝt schal forþ, & no mercy."

[Page 60.]
 How then shall
 He free me ?
 Right will pre-
 vail, not Mercy.

¶ Merci seide, " woldist þou god knowe,
 And wiȝ good entent mercy calle,
 And to him meekeli þee abowe,
 60 þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.
 ¶ þouȝ þou haddist do þe synnis alle,
 And þou crie mercy for al þi mys,
 And with good herte on him to calle,
 64 þan wole his mercy passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.
 If thou wilt really
 pray for mercy,
 though thou hast
 sinned all the
 sins,
 God's Mercy will
 exceed His
 Justice.

¶ " What," quod þe synner, " y trowe þou rauе ;
 Canst þou neuere of þi pletinge blynne ?
 þe deuel bad ne neuere mercy craue,
 68 And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne ;
 ¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,
 And ȝit wole he neuere mercy crie :
 I coueite neuere heuen to wynne
 72 While riȝt schal forþ, & no mercie."

The Sinner.
 Nonsense ! The
 Devil bad me
 never ask mercy ;
 and he knows
 more than thou.
 He is full of sin,
 and never asks
 mercy ;
 Justice will
 prevail.

¶ Merci seide " y preue bi skile,
 Witt is nouȝt worþ, but grace be souȝt ;
 þe deuel ! Haþ clergie & witt at wille,
 76 And euere he settiȝ it foule at nouȝt :
 ¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rouȝte,
 ¶ þorȝ pride in heuen he loste his blis ;
 Hadde he oonys grace bisouȝte,
 80 Merci hadde passid riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.
 The devil's wit is
 no good without
 grace.
 [Page 70.]
 He fell into de-
 spair when he
 lost heaven.
 Had he sought
 grace he d have
 had Mercy.

¶ Whan ne þe synner herd þis, he sijȝt sore,
 With rewful cheer greet dool he made,
 And seide, " of þee wole y lerne more ;
 84 þan is the deuel fals and bad,
 ¶ For if he myȝte merci haue had,

The Sinner.
 I'll learn of thee.
 The devil *must* be
 bad if he might
 have had mercy.

He needs be sorry
who gets Right
and not Mercy.
MS. transposes
ri³twisnes and
mercy.]

Mercy.

Dear brother,
give up the devil,
who would send
you to hell.

Pray for grace,
God will send it,
and thy soul will
go to heaven.

The Sinner.
[Page 71.]
My past life is
worthless;
I will serve God;
may He keep me
from sin.

I defy the false
fiend who promis-
ed me Right, not
Mercy.

Morey.

Do so, and re-
joice. Be sorry
for thy sin, be
shriven, do
penance, and
repent: Thou
shalt know that
Mercy passes
Justice.

The Sinner.

No penance is
enough for me:
not being buried
alive.

88 A þousand siþis y him defie;
He may be sory & noþing glad
þat schal haue 'ri³twisnes & no mercy."

92 **M**ercy biheeld þat semeli goost,
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,
To dwelle in helle without eend.
¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende
And þou wolt do as y þee wijs,
And þan þi soule to heuen schal wende,
þere merci passiþ ri³twisnes."

100 "Alas," quod þe synner, "al my lijf y rue,
For it is no þing as y wende;
To serue god y wole be trewe
If ony grace he wole me sende.
¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende!
þe fals feend, y him defie;
He wolde no þing þat y dide meende,
þat biheet me ri³t & no mercie."

108 **M**erci seide "if þou wolt so,
þou myȝt be glad al þi lijf,
And for þi synne þou maist be woo,
And to a preest cleene þee schriue,
¶ And take penaunce without strijf,
Repentyngs þee of al þi mys,
þan bi þi witt þou maist knowe rijf
þat merci passiþ ri³twisnes."

116 "Alas," quod the synner, y haue lyued wrong!
What penaunce were y worþi to haue?
þer may no man sette me to strong
þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

¶ A ! almiȝty god, mercy I craue,
Now lete my flesche my synnis abie !
Graciouse crist ! my soule þou haue,
120 For riȝt is nouȝt wiþout mercie."

Ah God I have
mercy. Christ,
take my soul.

[Page 72.]

120 **M**ercy seide, " ful weel þou woost,
As þou hast often herd sayen,
What man is founde þat was lost,
124 Wiþ him is crist plesid & fayn.
¶ What nede had crist to suffre Payne
But for to bie oure soulis to blis ?
Telle me þi liff heere al playn,
128 þat mercy may passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Christ rejoices
over the lost
sinner who is
found.

Tell me all thy
sins.

132 " **M**y fyue wittis y haue mys spende
þoruȝ pride, enuie, & lecherie :
To þe ten heestis y haue not tende
þoruȝ slouȝe, wrapphe, & glotenie.
¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,
And neuere dide werkis of mercyes ;
God ! þeue me grace or þat y die !
136 þi merci may passe riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
I have unisepnt
my Five Senses ;
disobeyed the
Ten Command-
ments ; lived in
covetousness, and
done no good
works.

God, let thy
Mercy pass thy
Justice.

140 **M**erci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,
And seide " man, wolt þou þis take ?
þou muste suffre boȝe riȝt and wrong ;
If þou þi synne wolt forsake,
¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,
And neuere ȝ wilne to do a-mys ;
And for þi sorewe þat þou doost make,
144 Merci schal passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Do this penaunce :
Suffer, and for-
sake thy sin.

Watch and pray.
Never will to sin.
[Page 73.]
Then Mercy
shall exceed
Justice.

Pe synner took penaunce wiþ good entent,
And left al his wickid synne ;
Whanne he hadde leeue, away he went

The sinner for-
sok his sins,

and all his
friends ;
did great penance,
and no sin wil-
fully.
He trusted to
God to bring him
to heaven.

148 From alle his freendis, kiþ & kynne.
¶ In greet penaunce he putte him inne,
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys ;
He truste on god heuen to wynne,
þere mercy passiþ riȝtwisnes.

Lord ! give us
grace, and be
merciful to us.

Almiȝti god ! now make us stable,
And ȝeue us grace weel to spedre,
And to us alle bee merciable,
156 And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.

Mary, guide our
souls to thy Son,

where Mercy pre-
vails over Justice.

¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost nede,
To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,
And with his mercy fulli us fede
þere mercy passiþ riȝtwisnes. A-M-E-N.

[“As resoun rewlid,” or “Filius Regis Mortuus est,” follows.
It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 39 ; written without breaks.*]

¶ Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem Remember, man,
that thou art dust.

reuerteris.

¶ Fac bene dum viuis. Post mortem viuere si uis. Do well while
thou livest.

¶ Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter How does he who
delights to touch
a harlot, dare to
handle the King

audet. of Salvation with
polluted hands.

Palmis pollutis. regem tractare salutis.

Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.

IN þee, god fadir, I bileeue,
þe firste persoone ful of myȝt,
þat al of nouȝt hast maad to meeue,
4 boȝe heuen & erȝe, day & nyȝt.

I believe in God
the Father,

¶ And in þin oonly gotten sone,
Born of þi silf bifor al þing,
Oure lord ihesus, þe secunde persoone,
8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge.

and in His only
begotten Son,

Iesu Christ,
one with God,

¶ þe same god þat euere haȝ ben,
And sijen conceyued bi þe holi goost,
And born of a mayden cleene,
12 Bicause a man in meekenes moost.

conceived by the
Holy Ghost, and
born of a pure
virgin,

[Page 40.]

¶ And riȝt as in þe trynyte
Ben persoones þre, substauncis but oon,
Riȝt so in þee ben substauncis þre,
16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persoone.

(of three sub-
stances, God, soul,
body)

who suffered
under Pontius
Pilate, was
crucified,
and buried,

descended into
hell,
but rose again
the third day,

ascended into
heaven,
whence He shall
come to judge
both quick and
dead.

[¹ Page 41.]
I believe in the
Holy Ghost,

who makes Holy
Church, by faith-
ful men giving
each to other
what each can.

I believe in the
Forgiveness of
Sins (through the
Sacrament),

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist peyne
Bi fre wil, mankinde to sauе,
Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,
20 And taken doun & biried in graue.

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,
& took þens þi part, it was good riȝt,
But up þou roos in fleisch and in felle
24 þe þrid day bi godli myȝt.

¶ þou stiȝ to heuen in þi manhede,
And þere þou sittist on þi fadir riȝt side,
But ouer al-where is þi godhede,
28 þere is noon þat from þee him may hide.

¶ þens schalt þou come us alle to deeme,
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.
With opene woundis & visage breme ;
32 þis bileeue makiȝ true men drede.

¶ I bileeue in þe holi ȝgoost,
þe þridde persoone in trynyte,
Of which þre noon is more ne moost,
36 But al oon god in persoones þre.

¶ þe holi goost makiȝ holi chirche
Of feiȝful men, bi comynyng
Ech oon to oþir what þei kunne worche
40 In holines and good lyuyng.

¶ Forȝeeunes y bileeue of synne
Bi þe holi goost and þe sacrament,
If y maye goostli to hem wynne,
44 Or ellis him silfe is euere present.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present be,
ȝit he wole for ful meekenes

þat y do þerto þat is in me,
48 Lest contempt lette me of forzeuenes.

¶ Also y bileeue in hool mynde,
þe holi goost schalle knytte aȝen
þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde ;
52 For al flesh schal ryse þat deeþ hath slayn.

and that the Holy
Ghost shall knit
again all men's
souls to their
flesh on their
resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost schal ȝeue also
Euerlastynge lijf to alle true men.
þat we may heere serue þer-to,
56 ¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give
everlasting life to
all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrbis,"
printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

The Ten Commandments.

*also in MS.
Harley 665, fol. 90
(cf. Zupitsa, Archiv.
85, p. 45).*

[*Lambeth MS. 1853, ab. 430 A.D., page 47 ; written without breaks.*]

Every one should
teach his children
these, and keep
them himself.

I. Have no false
gods. Worship
God Almighty.

II. Take not
God's name in
vain. Swear by
no created thing.

III. Hallow the
Holy Day.

IV. Honour thy
Father and
Mother.

[¹ Page 41.]

V. Kill no man,

EUery man schulde teche þis lore
To hisse children with good entent,
And do it him-silf euermore,

4 To kepe weel goddis comaundement.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt noon haue,
But worshipe god omnipotent ;
Make not þi god þat man haþ graue :
8 þis is þe firste comaundement.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not,
For if þou do þou schalt be scheent ;
Swere bi no þing þat god haþ wrouȝt :
12 þis is þe secunde comaundement.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,
þou & alle þine with good entent ;
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray :
16 þis is þe þridde comaundement.

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boþe,—
þat longe lifj to þee be lent,—
With meete land drink, coumfort & cloþe :
20 þis is þe iiiij^e comaundement.

¶ Sle no man with yuel wille,
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent ;

But euermore do good for ille : but do good for ill.

24 þis is þe fifthe comaundement.

¶ Do no lecherie in al þi lijf ;
 Lete fleischeli knowyng from þee be lent
 Saue oonli bi-twene man & wif :

VI. Commit not adultery or fornication.

28 þis is þe sixte comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not stèle no maner of þing,
 Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.
 Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge :

VII. Steal not.

32 þis is þe .vij. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes
 For no mater þat may be ment ;
 Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :

VIII. Bear no false witness.

36 þis is þe .vij. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiþboris good,
 As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,
 In hindringe of him & of his blood :

IX. Covet not thy neighbour's goods.

40 þis is þe .ix. comaundement.

¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiþboris feere,
 Ne falsli his seruaunt from him hent,
 Ne no good þat ¹he hath heere :

X. Covet not thy neighbour's wife; take not his servant or goods falsely.

44 þis is þe .x. comaundement.

[1 Page 49.]

¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace
 þat on þe roode was al to-rent,
 In-to his blis þat we mowe passe
 48 At þe laste day of Iugement.

Christ, give us grace to keep these Ten that we may pass to bliss.

[“I Warne eche lijf,” p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in the MS.]

Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., fol. 408 b., col. 1.
Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical
points, but no stops.*]

I warne yche leod. þat liueþ in londe.
And do hem dredles. out of were.
þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.
4 þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.
þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.
þat may him seluen. saue vn-schent.
But he þat casteþ. wiþ concience clere.
8 To kepe wel. Cristes Comaundement.

þow most haue o God. and no mo.
And serue him boþe. with mayn and miht.
And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.
12 For he haþ lant þe. lyf and liht.
þif þou beo nuyzed. day or niht.
In peyne be meke. and pacient.
And rule þe ay. be reson riht.
16 And kep wel. Cristes Comaundement.

¶ And let þi neiȝhebor. frend and fo.
Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.
In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.
20 Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.
And help to sauuen hem. from vncele.
So þat heore soules. beo not schent.
And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.
24 And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 49; written without breaks.*]

I Warne echē lijf þat liueþ in lond
And do him dredlees out of were,
þat he must studie & vndirstonde
4 þe lawe of god to loue & lere.
¶ For þere is no man feir ne neer
 þat may him sillfe sauē vnschent
 But he þat castip him with conscience clere
8 To kepe weel cristis comaundement.

Thou schalt haue oon god & no mo,
And serue him boþe wiþ mayn & myȝt,
And ouer al þing loue him also,
12 For he haþ lent þee lijf & liȝt.
¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyȝt,
 In peyne be meeke & pacient,
 And rewle þee ay bi resoun riȝt,
16 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

Lete þi neize-¹boris, boþe freend & fo,
Freli of þi freendschip feele ;
In herte wilne þou hem also
20 Riȝt as þou woldist þi silf were wele.
¶ Helpe to sauē hem from vnsele
 Sc þat her soulis ben not schent,
 And her care þou helpe to kele,
24 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

Every man must
take care to love
the Law of God.

Only he can be
saved who gives
himself to keep
Christ's
Commandments.

I. Thou shalt
have one God,

and love Him
above every-
thing.

Be patient in
suffering.

[1 Page 50.]
Love thy
neighbour as
thyself;

and help to save
him from all ill.

¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouȝt.

But cese. and sauue þe from þat synne.

Swere bi no þing. þat God haþ wrouht.

28 Be war. his wraþþe. lest þou hit wynne.

But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.

þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent.

Vncouþe and knowen. and of þi kynne.

32 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.

Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day..

And drauh þe þenne. from dedes derk.

36 Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.

And men vnsauȝte. loke þou assay.

To sauȝten hem þenne. at on assent.

And pore and seke. þou plese and pay.

40 And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.

¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.

3if þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.

With counseil cum-forte hem. with mete and cloþe.

44 As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.

And ȝif þei talke of tales vn-trewe.

þou torn hem out. of þat entent.

And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.

48 And kep wel cristes. Comaundement.

¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.

Be war. and vengeance tak þou non.

In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.

52 Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.

But ay let gabbynge. glyde and gon.

A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.

And help þat alle men ben aton.

56 And kep wel cristes comaundement.

Goddis name in ydil take þou nouȝt,
But ceesse & sauë þee from þat synne ;
Swere bi no þing þat god haþ wrouȝt,
28 Be waær his wraȝþe lest þou so wynne .
¶ But bisie þee euere her bale to blinne
þat wiþ blaberinge oþpis ben blent,
Vncouþe & knownen of þi kynne ;
32 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

II. Take not
God's name in
vain.

Swear by no
thing that God
has made,

but keep from the
bale of babbling
oath-swearers.

In clennes and in cristis werk
Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,
And drawe þee þanne from dedis derk
36 Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may.
¶ Men vnsoft, loke þou asay
To soften 'them to good assent,
Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,
40 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

III. Hallow thy
Holy Day, with

all thy household.

Try to soften
unsoft men,
[1 Page 51.]
and to help the
poor and sick.

Pi fadir & modir worschipe boþe—
If þou wolt botelees bale eschewe—
With councelle, coumforte, meete & cloþe,
44 As þou seest þat hem nedijþ newe.
¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe,
þou turne hem out of þat entent,
And cristis lawe helpe þat þei knew,
48 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
Father and
Mother with
counsel, food, and
clothes.

Turn them from
untrue words, and
help them to
know Christ's
law.

Sle no man with wickid wille ;
Be waær, of veniaunce take þou noon ;
Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,
52 Bacbite no man, blood ne boon,
¶ But lete euere gabbing glide & goon
Away, wheþer it wole glase or glent ;
And helpe þat alle men were at oone,
56 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

V. Slay no man :
take no vengeance.

Backbite no one,
but let gabbing
go by.

Help on peace.

¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neizebors þing.
 Nouȝur wiȝ stillenes. ne wiȝ strif.
 Nor wiȝ no maner. wrong getyng.
 60 þi self þi seruaunt. child. ne wyf.
 To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.
 Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.
 As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.
 64 þou kepe wel. cristes comaundement.

[Col. 2.]

Fals witnesse. loke þow non bere.
 ȝif þow wolt. in blisse a-byde.
 þi neizebore. wityngly to dere.
 68 Ne no mon nouȝer. in no syde.
 But loke þat no mon. be a nuyzed.
 And þou may him. from harmes hent.
 And help þat falshede. beo distriuet.
 72 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

¶ Sunge þou not. in lecherie.
 Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.
 Consente þou not. to such folye.
 76 þat founden is so foul trespass.
 And loke. þat nouȝer more ne las.
 þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.
 Leste þou synge. þis songe allas.
 80 For brekyng. of cristes comaundement.

¶ þi neizebors wyf. coueyte þou nouȝt.
 Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.
 Wiȝ hire to sunge. in word ne þouȝt.
 84 And from þat deede. euer þou þe drawe.
 And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.
 To make hire. to synne assent.
 Ne please hire not. with no mis plawe.
 88 But kep wel. cristes comaundement.

Synne þou not in lecherie ;
Such lust vnleefful, lete it passe ;
Consente þou not to þat folie
60 þat founden it is so 'foule a trespass.
¶ And loke þou, neijper more ne lasse
þi likinge on þat lust be lent,
Lest þou singe þis song ' alas
64 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.'

VI. Sin not in
Lechery and
unlawful lust;
[Page 52.]
set not thy lik-
ing on it
lest thou repent it.

Stele þou nouȝt of þi neiȝboris þing
Neijper wiȝt stilnes ne with strijf,
Ne with no maner of wrong geetynge,
68 þi silf, þi seruaunt, child, ne wijf.
¶ To hie & sille if þou be rijfe,
Loke euere þat wrong away be went :
If þou wolt han euerlastinge lijf,
72 Kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VII. Steal no-
thing of thy
neighbour's.
Cheat not in
buying and
selling.

Fals witnes, loke þat þou noon bare ;
If þou wolt in blis a-bide,
þi neiȝbore wilfulli þou ne dere,
76 Ne noon þat woneȝ þee biside ;
¶ But loke þat no man be anoied
If þou may him from harmes hent,
And helpe þat falshede were distroied,
80 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VIII. Bear no
false witness.
Injure not thy
neighbour,
but keep every
one from harm.
Help to destroy
falsehood.

Pi neiȝboris wijf couseite þou nouȝt
Vnleeffulli aȝens þe lawe
Wiȝt hir to synne in dede or þouȝt,
84 But from þe dede euere þou drawe,
¶ And cesse, & seie to hir no sawe
To make hir for to synne assent,
Ne please hir not with no nyce plawe,
88 But kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IX. Covet not thy
neighbour's wife,
[Page 53.]
and say and do
nothing to make
her assent to sin.

¶ þi neȝhebors houa. wenche ne knaue.
 Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.
 Ne ȝit his good. with wrong to haue.
 92 For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.
 For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.
 ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.
 Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
 96 For brekyng of crista. Comaundement.

¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.
 And loueþ. a laweful lyf. to lede.
 He may not misse. on none manere.
 100 þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.
 For crist him here. wol helpe *and* hede.
 And heþene. in to heuene hent.
 For þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
 104 Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.

Thi neiȝboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,
Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,
Ne oþir good, wrong to haue,

Covet not thy
neighbour's
house, maid, or
man,

92 Lest þou for it to bale be brouȝt.

¶ For whanne þe soope schal be up souȝt,
If þou to þis synne assent,
Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt

for at the Last
Day thou shalt
pay bitterly for it.

96 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.

Ech man þat wole þis lessoun lere,
And loueþ a lawful lijf to lede,
He ne may mys on no manere

No man who
learns this lesson
can miss the joys
of heaven,

100 þe myrþis of heuen to haue to meede ;

¶ For crist wole him heere helpe at nede,
For from hens to heuene be wole him hent,
For þi pracie we þat crist us spede
104 Kindeli to kepe his comaundement. Amen.

for Christ will
take him there.
Let us pray Him
that we may keep
His Command-
ments.

[“There is no creatour but oon,” printed pp. 18-21, follows
here in the MS.]

The Sixteene Poyntis of Charite.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 42; written without breaks, except lines 6-12, 21-4.*]

Man, remember
whence thou
camest, and
whither thou
goest,

and that hereafter
thou may'st see
thy Lord as His
chosen child in
Charity.

Man's highest
task is to live a
just life.

God told St Paul
in the third
heaven the 16
points of Charity.

Though I speak
with angels'
tongues, and have
not Charity, I am
but as a brasen
cymbal.

[Page 43.]
And though I can
move mountains,
I am worthless if
I want Charity.

MAn, among þi myrbis haue in mynde
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,
How freelli þou fallist & filist þi kinde !

4 Arise & make of þi mys ameendis,
¶ þat of þis world whanne þou out wendis,
þou maist in heuene þi lord god se
Among hise apostolis & dere freendis

8 As a chosen child in charitee.

The hijest lessoun þat man may lere
Is to lyue iust lif, if þou wolt loke,
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,
12 Is playnli printid in poulis booke.

¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke
in þe þridde heuen, hijest of þre,
Euery man to cunne & looke
16 þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.

'**T**houȝ y speke,' seiþ seint poule,
' As aungils doon, or with mennis tunge,
If charite be not in þi soule,
20 I am but as a brasen symbol song.

¶ And þouȝ my bileue be neuere so strong
So þat mounteyns be meued bi feiþ of me,
I am not worthi to god so longe
24 As me wantiþ charite.

Thouȝ y to poore men ȝeue al my good,
And my bodi to brenne þere hoot fier ys,
And charite be not in my mood,

28 It profitȝ me not to heuen blis.'

¶ But for god wolde it schulde not mys
To knowe in charite whanne we be,
He tauȝte poul to teche al his

32 þe .xvj. Poyntis of charite.

And though I
give my body to
be burned, and
have not Charity,
it profitȝs nothing.

God told Paul to
teach his dis-
ciples the 16
points of Charity.

Charite,' he seiȝ, 'is pacient,
Alle disesis meekli suffringe,
Benigne also in hir entent,

36 Kindelid with fier of good lyuyng;

¶ Neuere enuyose for ony þing
To freend ne foo, wheþir it be,
But euere glad to goddis plesing

40 To cherische alle men in charitee.

1. Charity is
patient, and

2. Benign,

3. Never envious,

Charite dooȝ neuere wickidli
Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,
Ne blowen ¹ is with pride þouȝ sche be welþi,
44 For to greue god is hir moost drede ;
¶ For in helle depe schal be her meede,
A low wiȝ lucifir for to be
þat for blynde pride wole take noon hede
48 lowli to lyue in charite.

4. Never does
wickedly,
5. Is not puffed
1 [Page 44.]
up with pride,

Charite is not couetise toold
Of worschipe ne of wronge wynnynge,
For wiȝ ypocritis sche may not holde,
52 Ne consente with wrong getyng.
¶ Sche sechȝ not hir owne þing
for hindringe of neiȝboris þat myȝte be,
For manye perels ben in pletyng
56 þat acorden not with charitee.

6. Desires no
honour or wrong
gains,

7. Seeketh not her
own,

8. Is not easily provoked,

9. Thinketh no evil,

[Page 45.]
10. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but

11. Rejoiceth in the truth.

12. Charity beareth all things,

13. Believeth all things,

14. Hopeth all things,

15. Endureth all things.

[1 Page 46.]

60 **C**haritee wole no þing be wroop
For harmes þat hir silf may hent,
But for to synne, al oonli is hir looþ,
Aȝens goddis comaundement.
64 ¶ Charitee þenkiþ noon yuel in hir entent,
But stintiþ strijf, & stoondiþ free ;
Al yuel wil, it wolde were went,
And chaungid al for charite.

68 **O**f wickidnes charite is not glad,
Bi lauȝter ne bi no likinge,
But euere sobre, soft, & sad,
In þouȝt, in word, & in worching.
72 ¶ To riȝt & troupe is hir ioyng,
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,
With feiȝful and true folk Is hir dwelling,
For suche ben chosen in charite.

76 **A**lle þingis sche beriþ vp meekeли,
For al hir wronge schal turne to game ;
Sche falliþ not vnder for vilonye,
For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.
80 ¶ Alle þingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out fame
þat goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,
And bidiþ þerbi for ony blame,
For suche ben children of charitee.

84 **A**lle þingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis ;
For suche sche suffriþ & serueþ heere ;
For of mercy sche may not mys
þat þis lesson wole lone & lere.
88 ¶ Sche abidiþ alle þingis with good chere
þouȝ sche þinke longe þe eende to se,
For of reward sche haþ ¹no were
þat þus abidiþ in charite.

Charite fallip neuere a-way
From him þat it in charite wole holde,
Bifore ne aftir domys day,

16. Charity never falleth.

92 But encresip in blis an hundrid folde.
¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde,
Al help to blis is in þese þre,
Feip, hope, & charite, noþing colde ;
96 þe mooste of hem is charite.'

All help to bliss
is in these three:
Faith, hope,
charity :
and the greatest
of these is
charity.

Bi charite, man, þou must loue more
God þan silf, þe soop to say,
For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,
100 With al þi power him please & pay ;
¶ Thi neiȝbore also, wiþ-oute nay,
Loue as þi silf saaf to bee ;
To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,
104 And chaunge þou neuere fro charite.

It makes thee
love God above
thyself,

and thy neighbour
as thyself.

If we þis lessoun we loue & leere,
And take it truli to oure entent,
We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere
108 Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.
God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,
Graunte þat we may oure ¹ silf to ensorche
& se,
As þou for us on roode were rent,
112 þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

If we learn this
lesson, we shall
know who will be
blessed and who
punished.

God grant that
[¹ Page 47.]

Christ may choose
us, for His love.

[“Euery man schulde teche þis lore,” printed p. 104-5, follows
here in the MS.]

Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicij.

[MS. B. 11. 24, Trinity College, Cambridge ;
ab. 1450, A.D.]

Lord of Heaven,
have mercy on us !

I will tell of the
xv. Signs before
Doomsday.

I. Rain shall fall,
bitter as gall,

red as blood,

and overwhelm
the whole world,

and terrify chil-
dren unborn.

II. The Stars
shall fall from
heaven.

Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte,
Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd þou be !
Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche,
4 Or we lese our wytt & speche !
xv. tokenys telle I may
That shal come before doomys day,
As it is seyde yn the prophecye,
8 In the book of Jeremye.
Herkenyth now þe tokenyng
That þe firste day shal bryng :
Fro heuyn shal a rayne falle,
12 Hit shal be bytter as eny galle,
Hytt shall be as red as any blod,
Ouyr all þe worle a grymly flod ;
Hytt schalle ouergo wyth large mett
16 Alle that ys in erth I-sett :
The chylderyn vn-borñ Afrod shall be
Of thys tokenyng, as I telle the,
And meue hem tyll our Syth
20 Ryth as þey speke myth.
The secunde day ys stronge with alle :
The sterrys shal fro heuyn falle,
So dredfull and so breyth
24 As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth.

Men schalle say, "welle-away !
 Thys ben the tokenys off domys day !"
 They schall cry & syke sore,

28 And say, "lord, mercy, thyn ore !"
 The ij^{de} day ys off syche :
 In erthe and in heuyn-ryche
 The hye son thatt ys so bryth,

32 So fayr, and so full off lyth,
 Hitt shalle be swarte as any pyche :
 Alle thatt shall be rewlyche.
 Men schalle þen sone se

36 Att mydday hytt shalle swarte be ;
 All thatt ben on lyve
 Schalle thys wordys dryve.
 "Alas thatt we scholle Abyde

40 To se þis sorowe in Euery syde !"
 The iiij^{te} day ys swythe longe,
 With wepynge & wyth sorow Amonge :
 All þat in erthe stonde

44 Schall to red blod wende ;
 They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde,
 Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,
 To the see þey schalle for drede,

48 Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,
 Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle
 And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.
 The man schalle say to hys wyff

52 "Alas þatt we be nowe Alyve !"
 The v^{te} day comyth swythe ;
 For euery best þatt ys on lyve,
 Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.

56 For thatt wonþer As y yowe tolde,
 Men schalle say, "lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & off our sore !"
 Thys tellyth the prophecy

60 In þe booke of Jeromy.

[! MS. thynore]
 III. The Sun
 shall turn black
 as pitch.

IV. Everything
 on earth shall
 turn into red
 blood

and flee to the sea.

The Moon shall
 fall from heaven.

V. All beasts
 shall hold up their
 heads towards
 heaven.

Men shall pray
 God mercy.

and ask Christ to

[¹ Omitted, and inserted in Margin.] bring them to bliss.

VI. The Trees shall turn upside down,

and children shall die.

VII. All ca stles shall fall down.
[2 MS. down]

The hills shall be lowered and fill up the valleys,

so that all the earth shall be even.

VIII. A day of dread.

The Sea will rise and flee,

and be driven up to the clouds by the wind.

All living will wish to be hid under the earth.

Welle we schalle vndyrstonde
Thatt cristydom hatt vnþerfon ge.

“ Thatt day, Ihesus to vs se

64 As þou¹ vs bowtyst vpon a tre,
Thatt we may com to þy blysse
Lord, when þy wille ys !”

68 The vj day schall down Falle
The treys with þe croppys alle,
And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.

For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,
The wyff her chyld, þe chyld hys lyff ;

72 Alle thatt leve schall lese here wytte ;
Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,
Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve
Than soche Payne for to dryve.

76 The vij day schalle fall down
Chyrche and castelle and euery town² ;
All schall to-breke ; and euery hylle

Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle ;
80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene ;
In þis worlle alle schalle be evyn ;

Than schalle þe worlle evyn be :
Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se !

84 The viij day ys a day off drede,
Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyd

Thatt the see woll ryse & flee,

Thatt euery best aferd schall be ;

88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe
With wawys grete, & stormys towे :

Thorowe the strength off þe wynd
Into the Welken hitt schall slynge ;

92 All thatt leuyth þatt day
Wold flee away, but þey ne may ;
Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be
Thatt Ihesu cryst scholl nott hem Ase.

96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,

And wend to hys owyn hawe.
 Godd of heuyn, þat best may,
 Haue mercy on vs vppon þatt day !

100 The ix day, wondyr hytt ys,
 As the prophecy tellyth hytt I wys :
 Thatt all þynge schall speke þan,
 And cry in erthe aftyr þe steuyn off man,

104 And be-mone hem self in owr syȝth
 Ryth as þey speke myth.
 Lord Ihesu, thy myth þou fullfelle !
 We be sorry þatt we dede agayn þi wille

108 Or with towyth or with dede.
 Lord Ihesu ! brenge vs oute of þis drede
 Thatt we may com to rest !
 Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.

112 The .x. day ys day of welaway
 As gregory sayth, and Jeromys :
 Than schalle knele þe angelys bryth
 Before þe face of godd allmyth.

116 Seynt peter, noþer his felow-redde,
 Dar nott speke A word for drede ;
 They schalle se heuyn vngo,
 And þe erthe schall Also,

120 They schalle schryke & crye lome
 For þe drede of þe grett dome.
 Develyn schall com oute off helle
 As seynt Johan doyth vs tell,

124 They schalle kry, " lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & of our sore !
 Lett vs to heuyn com !
 Longe þou hast hytt vs be-nome

128 For our gylt, and our mysdede,
 And for our awyn wykkyd rede !" Thys ys a day of moche sorowe ;
 A strongyr comyth on the morrowe.

132 The xi day comyth lyche,

IX. As the prophecy tells,
 all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.

Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee.

X. A day of lamentation.

The Angels shall kneel before God.

Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak.
 Heaven and earth shall move on-wards (?)

Devils shall come out of hell
 and pray God to

let them come back in to heaven.

XI. Great storms

shall rage ;
all rocks and
stones shall clash
together,
and all the world. 136 With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,
And alle the stony moche & lyte
Scholle to-gedyr sore smytle ;
Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve ;
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve !

The Rainbow
shall be twisted,
and the Devil
shall run back to
hell. 140 Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,
And for fere to helle torn ;
God wille say, “ ther schull ye be,
Ther schall ye wone & be war,”

XII. This day
is dreadful. 144 God grownte so to be-tyde
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde !
The xij day ys dredfuller than,
For than was neuer schappe of man

Angels shall fall
at God's feet for
us. 148 That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth
Yff he dyrst, & most of myth.
Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle
Scholl for vs vppon kneys falle

Lord, be merciful ! 152 To goddys feett for our syn ;
And for the loue of all man kyn.

XIII. Of this day, 156 Lord we be-seche the
In þi mercy for to be !
Dredfully comyth the xij day
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.
Fro the begynnyng of Adamys com
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,

no one can tell
half the sorrow. 160 Ne myth no man in booke rede
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,
That god schalle say than
When he comyth down yn schappe of man,

All the stones on
earth 164 For alle the stony grett and smale
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,
All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,
And euerychon to oper dynge ;

shall drive :
against one
another 168 They schall ryse & grynd so

Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go ; so that fire shall
They schall bren also bryth fly from them
As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth. like lightning.

172 The xiij day ys A day of sorowe ; XIV. Fire shall
Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow, come in the
Ther schalle nothyng in þys worle leve morning and
Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve. burn up every
thing on earth till the evening.

176 Thys passyth nott swythe sone ; XV. The Day of
On the morow ys þe day of doome.
The xv day comyth swythe : Doom.
For euery man þat was on lyve All men that
180 Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrrst man, have lived since
Alle to the dome schalle com than, Adam's time,
Euery man of xxxth wynter olde, every one made 30
All schall com þe dome to be-holde ; years old,
184 Euery man schalle opere mete shall come
Att the mownte of olevett. to Mount Olivet.
Two angelys schall blowe her bemys ; Two angels shall
The folke schall com alle attonya. blow their
188 Fulle sore than they may Agryse trumpestas,
Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse,
Two angelys schall com be-forne
With þe scorges, and with the crowne of thorn two shall bring
192 With drewry cher and sory mode the scourges that
As hytt on hys hedd stode ; beat Christ, and the
And the sper al so scharpe Crown of Thorns
As hytt stod on hys hert. as it stood on
His head,
with the spear,
as it stood on His
heart.
(Longeus, the
soldier, did not
pierce Christ
from envy or
pride, but
put Christ's
blood on his eyes,
and they became
as clear as candle-
light.
‘Piteous Lord,
forgive me, who
pierced Thee, my
guilt.’)

196 For no envy, ne for no pridy, Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde :
Longeus then styl stode,
On hys syngorys ran þe blod,
200 He strokyd ther-with hys eyn ryth,
They be-coom as cler as candillys ;
“ Kynge and lord full of pyte,
Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me !
204 I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,

Angels shall bring the Cross and bloody nails.

Then Christ, sad, shall come,

and say, " Man, see what I suffered for thee ! I was crowned with thorna. And thou lovedst to swear by My eyes, hair, and pains,

My five wounds, teeth, tongue, heart, lungs,

side, brains and head, [I P Aeed] nay, My soul.

Such shame thou didst me !

Thou woldst not feed or help me.

What hast thou suffered for Me ? "

Then comes Our Lady, weeping tears of blood,

and saying,

" King and Lord, my sweet Son, [2 thes] grant me to-day my prayer. Lose not Thy handiwork

Noþer for no covetyse of mede."

Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth, ' With blody naylys precyous of syth.

Then comyth our lord with drewry mode, Wyth armys I-spred all on blod : " Man, now þe soþ þou mayst I-se, Whatt I sufferd her for the.

Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe : I-cronyd I was with thornys of a tre ; Thys was to the leff for to swere Be my eyn & be myn here,

And be my paynys that wher stronge. Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve To swere be my wowndys fyve, Be my tethe And my tonge,

Be my hertt and be my longe, Hytt thowyth the fulle grett pryd For to swere be my syde, Be my brayne & be my hedd ; ' be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.

Man, hytt was full grett dyspyte So ofte to make me edwyte ! Thou woldyst nott clothe me, ne fede,

Thou woldyst nott helpe me att my nede ! Man ofte þou hast for-sworn me ! Man what sufferst þou for me ? " Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—

In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore— With terys rennyng alle on blodd, Sore wepynge with drewry modd ; " Fadyr, & son, and holygost,

Kynge and lord as þou wost, My swete son, I praye de ² My bone to day þou grawnt me ! Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,

My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte !

Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd
And with þy flesch vpon þe rode ;
My swete son, I pray the
244 For all mankynd þat I may be ;
Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse,
None of hem þatt þou ne mysse.”
“Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllyd shall be,
248 Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe ;
The goode y wille lese nowth,
My hondwerke that I haue wrowth.
Thys þatt walde nott serue me,
252 My blysse schalle they neuere se,
Into Payne they schalle wende,
To haue ³ hytt euere withoutyn ende.
My chyldryn þat haue seruyd me,
256 In my blysse they schall euere be ;
Ye scholl com with me to heuyn
With angelys songe and mery steuyn.
And he clepyth hym be-fore,—
260 In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,—
He spekyth to hem myldelyche,
“Comyth with me to my kyngdome ryche.”
Lord we be-seche þe
264 Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se ;
When we com to oure lyvys ende,
Into thy blysse þat we mot wende,
And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be !
268 Amen, Amen, lord, For charite !

bought with Thy blood.
I pray Thee,
grant all men Thy bliss ;
miss none ! ”
“Mother, thy
will shall be done.
I will not lose the
good.
Those who would
not serve Me
shall go to ever-
lasting torment.
[³ *Asse* repeated
in MS.]
My children, who
have served Me,
shall come with
Me to heaven.”
Lord, grant us
to see Thy bliss
when we die !
Amen !

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*,
ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, lls. 4983-90.

Dan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan
þat God had fully here als man . . .
Dan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,
And of thre monethes þar-with alswa ;
In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last
When þai here þe grete bemes blast.]

Who can not wepe, com
lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[MS. O. 9. 38, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge.* Written
mostly as prose.]

A woman fair
sat weeping

over her dead son
lying in her lap,

lamenting
how Jesus
was robbed of
his life, :
saying, 'Who
cannot weep,
come learn of me.'

"I cannot weep."

'Nature shall
make thee,

thy father is
dead;

my son is robbed
of his life.'

Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakyng halfe slepyng,
and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,
With fauour in here face far passyng my reson,

4 And of here sore wepyng þis was þe encheson ;
Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyd, sleyn
by treson :
yf wepyng myȝt rype be, hit semyd then yn seson.
Ihesus, so sche sobbed,
8 so here sone was bobbed
And of hys lyue robbed ;
Seynge thys wordys as y sey the,
"Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."

12 y seyd y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.
Sche answerd me schortly with wordys þat
smartyd,
"Lo, nature schall meve þe ; thow must be
conuertyd,
thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede :" thys
schee twhertyd :
16 "Ihesus, so my sone ys bobbed,
and of hys lyue robbed.
ffor soth then y sobbed

Veryfyng thys wordys, seyng to the,
20 Who can not wepe com lerne at me."

| | | |
|----|--|--|
| | “Now, breke hert, y the praye ! thys cord lyeth so rulye, | ‘Break, my heart for my son so fouly used. |
| | So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly. | |
| | What wyȝt may be-hold, and wepe not ? none truly, | Who could see him and not weep ? |
| 24 | to see my ded dyre sone bledynge, lo, thys newly !” | |
| | Euer stylls schee sobbed, So here sone was bobbed And of hys lyue robbed. | So still she sobbed how her son was slain. |
| 28 | Newyng these wordys, as y sey the, “Who can not wepe, com lerne at me.” | |
| | On me sche cast here yee, and seyd, “see, man, thy brother !” | |
| | Sche kyste hym, and seyd, “swete, am y not She kissed him; thy modyr ?” | |
| 32 | And swonyng schee fylle ; ther hyt wold be no she swooned; nothyr : | |
| | y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr. yett sche reuyued, and sobbed how here sone was bobbed | and reviving, she sobbed how her son was bobbed, |
| 36 | & of hys lyue robbed. “Who can not wepe,” thys ys the lay, And with that wordys schee vanyschyd A-waye.: | and then vanished away. |
| | | finis. |

The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[From MS. R. 4. 20, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge*, on a blank leaf at the end of *Lydgate's Siege of Thebes*.]

Wise Bishop
Scrope
is dead,

but by Mary's
help he may
rise to heaven.

On the hill
he took
his death right
willingly.

His executioner
knelt to him
and asked his
forgiveness.

He granted it,
asking for five
strokes
to send him
to heaven.

Hay hay hay hay thynke on Whitsonmonday.

The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse

Nowe is he dede and lowe he lyse hay

To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse

4 Thurghelhelpe of Marie that mylde may

When he was broght vnto the hylle

He held hym both mylde and styll hay

He toke his deth with fulle gode wylle

8 As I haue herde fulle trewe men say

He that shulde his deth be

He kneled downe vppon his kne hay

Lord your deth forgyffe it me

12 Fulls hertly here to yowe I pray

Here I wylle the commende

yⁿ gyff me fyve strokys with thy hende hay

And theñ my wayes yⁿ latt me wende

16 To hevyns blys that lastys ay

[Compare Hall's Chronicle, *Hen. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550) W. A. W.]

**EXTRACT FROM HALLE AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S
DEATH. ED. 1542 ? (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.**

KYNG HENRY THE .III.

THE SIXT YERE.

The vi
yere
The Earl of
Northumberland
conspired with
Archbishop
Scrope,
Earl Mowbray.
and others, against
Henry,
and all agreed to
meet at Yorkeswold on a day
appointed.

In this yere the Earle of Northumber-
lande, which bare styll a venomous
scorpion in his cankered heart, and coulde
not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe
to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began
secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and
priuie thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of
Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasurer of
England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) be-
headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas
Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of
Norffolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished
the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hast-
ynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse other
whiche he knewe to beare deadly hate and inward
grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion
had, it was finally concluded and determined amongst
theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all
their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day
appointed, and that therle of Northumberland should
be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie,
which promised to bring with him a great number of
Scottes.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept, nor so closely cloaked, but that the kyng therof had knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to prevent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

and apprehended
Archbishop
Scrope and others,
who were all
doomed to die on
Whit-Monday
outside York.

Seditious Asses
said that at the

Archbishop's
execution,
when he asked for
5 strokes, re-
membering
Christ's 5 wounds,
King Henry had
5 strokes in the
neck;
which is a lie.

What shall we

think of these
beastly persons,

these jugglers and
raillers?

Let wise men
judge.

marched toward the North parties, and vsed such a celerite in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward ; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir Iohn Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arraigned, atteinted, and adiudged to die ; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheaded.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolish and fantasticall personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrates and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diulg'd—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knownen veritie—that at the howre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fие strokes in remembraunce of the fие woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme sytting at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontinently striken with a leprey ; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainly perceiue.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement ? what shall men thinke of suche beastly personnes, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuied the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders. But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauorynge theyr owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiare profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy : well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

G L O S S A R Y.

Abie, p. 26, l. 130 ; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for; A.S. *abiegan*.
Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.
Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse; A.S. *edwitan*.
Aȝenseid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.
Aggregidist, p. 52, l. 346, *aggre-* *ger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.
Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agry-
san*, to fear.
Among, p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *inter-
dum, quandoque*.' P. Parv.
Apeele, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, impeach, or charge with. Cot.
Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.
Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.
Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down; Fr. *assouvager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.
Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.
Auautage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.
Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ?watch.
Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.

Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.
Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebétan*, to amend, atone for.
Bemys, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets; A.S. *béme*.
Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed; A.S. *begán*, to go over.
Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.
Bihȝt, p. 19, l. 52, promised; A.S. *beháten*.
Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.
Binam, p. 92, l. 34, took away from; A.S. *benám*.
Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit; A.S. *betæcan*.
Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer la langue*.' Palsgrave.
Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.
Blyue, p. 46, l. 177 ; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.
Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten; 'bobet on the heed, *coup de poing*.' Palsgrave.
Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer; A.S. *ben*.

Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy ; A.S. *bót*.
 Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.
 Breme, p. 102, l. 31, ?not A.S. *bremē*, glorious, but 'brym or fers. *Ferus, ferox.*' Pr. Parv.
 Broode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.

Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.
 Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ?seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.
 Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason ; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.
 Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure ; 'Clene, *mundus, purus.*' Pr. Parv.
 Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.
 Clinge, p. 85, l. 68 ; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.
 Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.
 Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.
 Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.
 Coost, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.
 Countirtaile, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contretaille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, alreadie marked, or notched. Cotgrave.
 Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops ; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.
 Cunne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.
 Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss ; A.S. *cus, cyss*.

Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim ; Du. *duyster*, dim.
 Defie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for ?
 Delice, p. 78, l. 633 ; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
 Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure ; A.S. *derian*.
 Derworþiest, p. 52, l. 352, A.S.

deorwurðe, precious, of great value.
 Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
 Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
 Dispence, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward ?
 Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
 Disperage, p. 74, l. 508, incongruity ; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
 Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
 Drewis, p. 60, l. 66 ?draughts.
 Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A.S. *þringan*, throng, rush.
 Dwynne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle ; A.S. *dwinan*, to pine, fade, waste away.

Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting ; A.S. *edwīte*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
 Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion ; O. French, *achaison*.
 Ensure, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
 Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, ?excuse, or mind.
 Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest ; A.S. *hærfest*.

Faite, p. 77, l. 595, ?deceive ; O.Fr. 'faiteus, criminel, coupable.'
 Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
 Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
 Felle, p. 25, l. 92, ?fail, or fell.
 Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
 Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company ; in *fere*, together.
 Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
 Filist, p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
 Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.

Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish ; A.S. *flyman*.

Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornament, deck.

Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.

Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried ; A.S. *fandian*, to try.

Foondi, p. 95, l. 13, try.

Fooned, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?

For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.

Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.

Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingen*, to wither, pine, or shrink up ; *forclungen*, shrunk.

Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forlætan*, to let go.

Forþi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.

Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, ?fold, bend.

Frame, p. 44, l. 97, ? A.S. *freme*, profit, advantage.

Frauȝte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.

Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful ; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.

Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, ? Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer ; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr. Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.

Gist, p. 93, l. 63, show.

Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.

Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *gruma*, anger, rage, wrath.

Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan ; A.S. *grætan*, to weep, cry out.

Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind ; O.N. *grila*. H. Coleridge.

Hadde-y-wist, p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.

Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence ; Isl. *hypia*, Jamieson.

Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.

Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.

He, p. 59, l. 39, they.

Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.

Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.

Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.

Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.

Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.

Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.

Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called ; A.S. *hátan*.

Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.

Inaȝt, p. 66, l. 250 ; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyght, *inspecio*, *circumspectio*.' *Promptorium*.

Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.

Kiȝe, p. 11, l. 92, show ; A.S. *cyðan*, to make known, declare, show.

Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature ; A.S. *ge-cynd*.

Kyndeli, p. 8, l. 19, natural ; A.S. *ge-cyndelic*.

Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped ; 'Lap-pyn, or whappyn yn cloyps (happyn to-gedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo*.' P. Parv.

Lauȝt, p. 30, l. 249 ; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken ; A.S. *læccan*, to seize.

Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.

Leepis, p. 47, l. 181 ; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.

Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach ; A.S. *læran*.

Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.

Leit, p. 48, l. 226 ; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning ; A.S. *lihting*.

Lende, p. 23, l. 41, lent ; A.S. *lēned*.

Lent, p. 105, l. 26, put away ? ; A.S. *lengde*, put off, perf. of *lengian*.

Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease ;
A.S. *lætan*, let go.

Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.

Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the
crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c. ; ? not
A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a
certain law was in force.

Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.

Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.

Liking, p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.

Likinge, p. 92, l. 49 ; p. 93, l. 77,
81, lust.

Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.

List, p. 4, l. 3 ; A.S. *list*, wisdom,
science, power, faculty ; *lyst*,
desire, love, admiration.

Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently ;
A.S. *gelóme*.

Maistrie, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see
p. 33, l. 58,) ? not tricks.

Mammillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps ;
Pappe, *Mamilla*. P. Parv.

Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, rail-
ing ; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, re-
uile extreamly, raile on de-
spightfully.

Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.

Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.

Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember ; A.S.
maenan.

Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.

Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.

Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *men-
gian*, mix, mingle.

Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure ; A.S.
mete.

Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid-
morning.

Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or
A.S. *myne*, memory.

Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.

Myscheue, p. 90, l. 46, come to
grief.

Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need ; Fr.
mestier, need, lacke, necessitie,
want. Cotgrave.

Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name ; A.S.
nemnan.

Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing,
repeating.

Nuyzed, p. 106, l. 13, annoyed,
troubled.

Nyce, p. 53, l. 390, Fr. *nais*, a
simple, wittlesse, and vnex-
perienced gull. *Nice*, lither,
lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple.
Cot.

Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take ; A.S.
niman, to take.

Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.

Ore, p. 119, l. 57, mercy.

Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much
confidence, sanguineness.

Paieth, p. 24, l. 58, pleases.

Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction,
pleasure ; *payé*, satisfied, con-
tent. Cotgrave.

Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds,
castles.

Piȝt, p. 3, l. 61, pitched ; p. 4,
l. 13 ; p. 94, l. 90, placed ; p.
12, l. 16, put, dressed.

Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.

Port, p. 93, l. 85, mien.

Prest, p. 45, l. 116, quickly.

Prouȝt, p. 50, l. 288, advantage,
profit ; Fr. *prou*.

Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.

Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow,
strive.

Put, p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.

Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one,
devil ; Dutch, *quaad*.

Qwart, p. 23, l. 2, of good heart
or cheer ; O.Fr. *quor*, courage.

Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S.
cweman, to please.

Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*,
rush, attack ; cp. millrace.

Raber, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
 Rabir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
 Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
 Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
 Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere*
 suppers are complained of in
 Waddington (b. 1300), Robert
 of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and
 many other writers.
 Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.
 Reueþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves,
 takes away.
 Riȝt, p. 46, l. 170, upright,
 straight.
 Rijfe, p. 92, l. 29, much ; Du.
 rīf, rife, abundant.
 Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.
 Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked ; A.S.
 rōhte.
 Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.
 Ruli, p. 10, l. 68, grievous ; p.
 89, l. 27, sad, mournful ; A.S.
 hreōw, grief, penitence ; *hreōw-*
 lic, cruel, mournful.
 Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*),
 customary, frequent.
 Sadli, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.
 Sale, p. 57, l. 502 ; Fr. *salle*; hall.
 Saugȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *saht*,
 reconciled.
 Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile ;
 A.S. *sehtian*. Note the change
 to *soften* in the later text, p.
 109.
 Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, dis-
 grace, ruin ; A.S. *sceond*, shame,
 disgrace.
 Schendip, p. 53, l. 374, A.S.
 scendan, to confound, shame,
 reproach, revile.
 Schille, p. 65, l. 232 ; schylle
 and sharpe, *acutus, sonorus*.
 Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scúr*,
 battle, fight.
 Sconfitith, p. 46, l. 154, dis-
 comfits.

Scryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.
 Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.
 See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.
 Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.
 Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.
 Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat ; Fr. *siȝge*.
 Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service,
 of business.
 Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness ;
 Du. *zieck*, sick.
 Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.
 Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason ; O.N.
 skil.
 Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack,
 cease.
 Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or
 swypyr as a wey). *Lubricus*,
 P. Parv.
 Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain,
 prick.
 Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.
 Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel ; Fr.
 espagnel, a Spaniell. Cot.
 Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188,
 adultery.
 Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*,
 to strike with the heel ; p. 91,
 l. 11, spurned.
 Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.
 Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness,
 firmness.
 Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.
 Stiȝ, p. 55, l. 460, ascended ; A.S.
 stigan, to ascend, rise.
 Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.
 Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.
 Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr.
 souffrance, sufferance, forbear-
 ance, patience, abiding.
 Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin ; A.S.
 syngian.
 Superflue, p. 89, l. 30, super-
 fluous.
 Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark,
 black (swarthy).
 Swing, p. 28, l. 203, A.S.
 swingan, to whip, scourge.

Swiþe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.
 Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.
 Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*, labour, *geswinc*, affliction, torment.

Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth; A.S. *teám*, offspring; *teámian*, *téman*, to propagate, beget.
 Tende, p. 69, l. 369; tenden, p. 41, l. 6, attend.
 Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teóna*, injury, wrong.
 þat þat, p. 51, l. 310, that which.
 þee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.
 þertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in addition.
 þirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce; A.S. *þirlan*.
 þole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *þolian*, suffer.
 þrong, p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced; A.S. *þringan*, to press, crowd.
 þrouȝ, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *þruh*, a chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.
 Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.
 Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all to pieces.
 Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to pieces.
 Torent, p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.
 Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh; A.S. *tóh*.
 Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.
 Twhertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted? A.S. *hweorfan*, to turn.
 Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.
 Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*, to hedge in, enclose, shut, close.

Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power, strength.
 Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power, strength.
 Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.
 Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive,

take; A.S. *underfangan*, undertake, receive.
 Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ? tookest up or under, objectedst to; A.S. *underniman*, to undertake, comprehend.
 Vnþgo, p. 121, l. 118, *vn* for *um*, round; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.
 Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*, the third hour, 9 a.m., extending also to noon.
 Vnþueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.
 Vnþeþe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *un* *édelice*, uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely, hardly.
 Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S. *vnórnlic*, old, worn.
 Vnsauþe, p. 108, l. 37, unfriendly; A.S. *seht*, friendship, peace; *unseht*, want of friendship, enmity. Note the *unsoft* of the later text, p. 109.
 Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.
 Vnskilfully, p. 112, l. 90, unreasonably; *see* *skil*.
 Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free, unlocked; 'speryn, or schettyn, *claudio*; speryn and schette *wythe lokkys*. 'Sero, obsero.' Pr. Parv.

Waitist, p. 50, l. 288, plannest.
 Wake, p. 32, l. 8; p. 99, l. 141, watch; A.S. *wæcan*.
 Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.
 Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without water.
 Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge; A.S. *wed*.
 Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment; A.S. *wéð*.
 Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned white; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller, a whitener of cloths.
 Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.
 Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.
 Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger;

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|--|---|
| A.S. <i>wér</i> , a fine for slaying a man ; p. 116, l. 87, doubt? | Woost, p. 39, l. 35, knowest. |
| Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer. | Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured. |
| White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active ; same as | Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance ; A.S. <i>wræc</i> . |
| Wizte, p. 63, l. 150 ; Sw. <i>vig</i> , active ; 'wyte, or delyyrr, or swyfte, Agilis, velox.' Pr. Parv. | 3eere, p. 65, l. 244 ; p. 67, l. 286, ?A.S. <i>geare</i> , certainly. |
| Wizthli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully. | 3eme, p. 52, l. 340 ; A.S. <i>giman</i> , govern, take care of. |
| Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach. | 3ernyng, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire. |
| Wis, p. 11, l. 115 ; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68 ; A.S. <i>wissian</i> , to instruct, guide, govern. | 3ore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly. |
| Wite, p. 34, l. 67 ; p. 99, l. 4, know ; A.S. <i>witan</i> . | Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone. |
| Wiyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach; impute, ascribe to ; A.S. <i>witan</i> , <i>witian</i> . | Yhit, p. 128, l. 3, yet. |
| Wone, p. 11, l. 120, dwell ; A.S. <i>wunian</i> . | Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost ; A.S. <i>loren</i> . |
| Woniyng, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling. | Ymet, p. 81, l. 74, dreamt ; A.S. <i>matod</i> . |
| | Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ?bring in, not let in ; A.S. <i>innan</i> , to go in, enter. |
| | Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough. |

NOTES.

P. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life*. "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climactericall yeare is every seauenth yeare . . Hence is it that in the seauenth 'yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the strippling age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weet, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

P. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's "Political Songs," v. 2, p. 114-18.

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